A KANSAN IN NEW YORK

BY
FRANK P. MACLENNAN

Editor and Publisher
TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

Author of
"Five Weeks Abroad,"
"Reminiscences of a Newspaper Man,"
"Uncle Joe,"
"The Man From the Small Town,"
Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL BOLMAR

THIRTIETH THOUSAND
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Topeka, Kansas.

For
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with the warm
regards and best
wishes of
Frank P MacLennan

Topeka Dec 4, 1918

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ALLIED PRINTING
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IN THIS BOOK:

Some Enlightenment—Maybe.
Purported Entertainment, in Ten Minute Sections.
Information, in Sugar Coated Doses.
A Visit With T. R., Our Great American.
"Food Without Wheat."
Personal Adventures in New York.
Other Ones in Philadelphia.
The Great Red Cross.
"Great Britain and Her Forces."
Winning the War—Several Chapters.
A Dinner in New York.
War Insignia and Pay.
Taft and His Enforcement League.
The Personality of Taft, a Presiding Genius.
War Camp Community Service.
Modern Newspaper Machinery.
Two Days and Nights With Harry Lauder.
With the Same at 2 A. M.
The Associated Press, the World's Greatest News Organization.
The Revision of Cook Books.
The American Newspaper Publishers' Association.
"Uncle Joe," and His Humidor.
The End of James Gordon Bennett's Career.
Camps Merritt and Mills.
A Table of Contents.
A Preface and Why.
Travel and Traffic in War Times.
The Friars Club.
The Wyandots, an Indian Nation With a Vision.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Whatever the merit of the chapters embracing "A Kansan in New York," they have created interest and entertainment for the readers of the Topeka State Journal in Topeka, Kan., and over the country generally, judging from the comment upon them, which has been voluminous. They were not premeditated; they were accidental and finally written on the spur of the moment. Even the Preface was not written or printed until after four chapters had seen the light, and the first Table of Contents, which was afterwards doubled in size, was printed after Chapter III.

The first chapter was not a chapter at all, for at the time it appeared it was hardly known that there would be a Chapter II or III following. There seemed to be a demand and it was supplied. It was necessary to write the "stuff" in a personal way, otherwise it could not have been written. Most of the chapters were written the day they were printed. Many of them, owing to circumstances, appeared in type without any revision and were not even read from the copy or proof by the writer after they were dictated, before they appeared in the paper.

The style and diction, thus naturally loose, bear evidence of haste. The articles are accordingly not a subject of criticism or review like a real book. Twenty-nine thousand copies have been printed and circulated, and of several chapters there were one thousand extras printed to supply the demand, which does not yet seem to be filled. This accounts for this re-print, which makes thirty thousand of the complete chapters.

The chapters cover a wide variety of subjects and include personal experiences, with two chapters on the Red Cross, and nine chapters on the Win the War for Peace Convention at Philadelphia.

Chapter XXXV tells in more or less detail why and how the articles were written.

F. P. M.

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PREFACE.

Pronounced opposition has developed in connection with the proposed publication of a series of half a dozen articles covering various and sundry experiences of the editor of this paper during the last week in April, which he spent in New York City. To be sure, there are those who have expressed an ardent desire to read these articles; but the opposition is such that notice must be taken of it.

This opposition is centered in just one person, but nevertheless comes from one who has a large influence in the life and doings of the writer.

"I don't think you ought to print those articles," says Mary MacLennan in an emphatic manner. "You say you think Governor Capper exploits himself too much in his own newspaper. Now it seems to me you are doing the same thing. If you think it is not entirely proper for Mr. Capper to do this in his paper, why should you do the same thing in your paper?"

"So that's it, is it? That's the keynote of your objection to this proposed forthcoming work on 'A Kansan in New York?' I'll tell you the answer and it is complete: Governor Capper is running for an office. I am not running for any office, am not a candidate for any office and don't expect to be. Isn't that a difference? Governor Capper is using his own good advertising medium to further his own cause; I haven't any cause to further, except I am always anxious to give the reader a little bit more for his money than he pays for.

"It is my duty to enlighten as best I may and entertain to the fullest extent those who pay their good money for their subscriptions to the State Journal. If we can give them a little more than the contract—something

other than the Associated Press and the United Press and the local and general news, and features, these subscribers are apt to continue to subscribe, pay up and keep the wheels going around at Eighth and Kansas avenue."

"What if some of your subscribers would stop their paper while you are running this series of articles, which is alleged to be important and entertaining? What about that?"

"Well, I confess I hadn't thought of that; there may be something in that."

The young woman sniffed and I left the house and came down to work.

Now that I think of it, why did she sniff? I believe I smell a mouse myself.

This same young woman is the party whom I took riding a couple of weeks ago in my trusty Ford. It was the first time she had ever been in the machine and she has not been in it since. On that occasion I had some little trouble in the dark in finding the proper levers to stop the Ford, and while I threw on the emergency brake, the machine moved right up over the curbstone, across the sidewalk into a brick wall on Ninth street. It didn't hurt the car or the wall nor either of the two occupants, but I remember now that it did hurt the feelings of the one who wasn't driving; it was a serious matter with her. She got out of that car very quickly. There was absolutely no damage, except to the dignity of the party concerned. I can prove this by Alonzo Thomas of the Santa Fe Watch company, who saw the whole performance and helped push the car back into the street out of the way of pedestrians.

Ever since that little incident there has been this sniffy opposition in my family. I have now come to the conclusion that this opposition is not

well grounded; that it is prejudiced and that the demand for these articles, excepting from this one source, is such that it is my duty to print them.

Another thing, one can't write this sort of a series without being personal. Leave out the personalities and the articles themselves might just as well be left out too. A writer who uses the personal pronoun, as it must of necessity be used here, subjects himself to the criticism of lacking modesty and good taste. The writer as a rule is not afraid of criticism, if constructive, invites it, and accepts the penalties therein provided.

Hence this preface.

Why is a preface, anyway? Especially why should there be a preface after the first chapter of this work has already appeared in print; namely, on Monday, May 6, and was entitled "The Entertainment of Soldiers."

While that really constituted Chapter I of this proposed volume, it must be remembered that the stenographer wrote that chapter. Stenographers have no discrimination; they put down everything you say. That chapter needs editing; a lot of it had nothing to do with the subject, but I can't be responsible for the stenographer; it is enough to be responsible for the proof-reader.

But this book has got to have a preface. I can see no way out of it, so the preface comes in between Chapter I and Chapter II. Chapter II will appear Saturday evening and is entitled "A Visit With T. R." Why that appears as Chapter II will be made plain in the next issue of this paper.

But to proceed with the preface: When Armin Fassler of the Inter-Ocean mills of Topeka, and John F. Norton, also representing interests in these mills, and W. A. Rogers, the cartoonist of the New York Herald, went with me to the public schools of Springfield, Ohio, in their early youth, we knew just what a preface stood for and we marked our Readers and Geographies in such a way that we understood what a preface was standing for, and the teachers also understood what it stood for and they made us stand up on account of it; sometimes we stood up after regular school hours and got overtime for it.

By the way, this man Rogers has

made a career. He is not only one of the noted cartoonists of this country, but he is chairman of the New York Herald council. This council meets every afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Herald office and formulates a cablegram which is sent daily to James Gordon Bennett, the editor and owner of the paper. Bennett edits his paper by cable. The nearest the editor of this paper comes to it is that when he is in New York the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies' tolls are heavy, all sent collect at Topeka. When a man stays in New York only one week he can't take time to write a letter and get an answer back; he has got to wire and be wired. Cable tolls have not yet been paid for this purpose by this particular publisher; if they were he might find the State Journal in the same situation as the western editor found his daily newspaper when he got back home after hobnobbing a few days in Paris some years ago with Mr. Bennett.

But I am drifting away from the preface business, and this is already entirely too long for a mere introduction to the aforesaid articles. Norton is older than I am and he was five or six grades ahead of me in school at the time. He was one of the "big cubs" and therefore in a superior position to tell me exactly what the letters

P-R-E-F-A-C-E

stood for and this is it:

Peter
Rice
Eats
Fish
And
Catches
Eels

Peter Rice is well-known to all school boys—even of this generation. He is still an important personage. The reader will note that he ate fish —the record doesn't say that he caught them. In this respect he is like Mayor House and others whose names have appeared recently in the local happenings of both Topeka papers, as eating fish. It does not ap-

pear that they caught any, altho they went 150 miles to the fishing grounds. It is in evidence, however, that they, like Peter, eat fish. They are caught by others; probably by one Mullin who has a market on Eighth street. Peter was an expert, however, in catching other things. It is stated that he caught eels—slippery business. Hence the preface.

Jerome Fassler, Armin's older brother, who was a playmate of mine, used to work this preface problem backwards and here is the way he put it, startling tho ungrammatical:

Eels
Catches
Alligators.
Fish
Eat
Raw
Potatoes

I never took as much stock in this as I did in the Peter Rice allegory. I have seen eels and I have seen alligators, but never both in the same waters. I think an eel would slip thru an alligator's teeth; and how the former could catch the latter is beyond me. If fish really eat raw potatoes, I would suggest that the mayor try that for bait the next time inasmuch as the bait he has used heretofore has not seemed to have the proper lure.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.

Entertaining the Soldiers.

Mr. MacLennan was asked to speak Saturday noon before the Rota club on his personal observations in New York a few days ago, on the War Camp Community Service—an organized entertainment for soldiers and sailors, in camp or fort near by, spending their week-ends and furlos in New York City. While the speaker used no manuscript or notes a stenographer took down what he said. Here below is what the stenographer says the speaker said. The stenographer himself said: "A lot of people want your talk printed."

We bow to the stenographer. Which one, you say? Well, to the good looking one, of course. The other one is a man and his looks do not count, favorably or otherwise, Both, of course, are engaged—by the editor, for their ability.

The Stenographer's Notes.

Madam President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When they closed those folding doors so carefully I was somewhat in doubt whether they were trying to keep those within here or prevent those without from coming in.

About a week ago I came near going out on the floor and taking part in a dance in which there were 900 soldiers and sailors. There were two little matters that prevented me from joining the gay throng: One was that only those males in the uniform of soldiers or sailors were permitted to dance; the other factor was that neither my wife nor daughter was there; but there were about 900 other charming ladies available.

In reference to the uniform, perhaps I might tell you something, not generally known: I am entitled to wear a uniform, not quite so handsome nor gorgeous as the uniform your guest today, Charley Elliott,

wears when on duty, on the governor's staff in his colonel's regimentals, but a modest one in khaki in connection with the State Journal's publication for Camp Funston, Trench and Camp,

The Soldiers' Week End.

the soldiers' paper, I am entitled to wear a uniform as prescribed in certain regulations for that purpose. I am also permitted to wear a uniform in connection with some duties as chairman of the Military Training Camps association. But I really didn't come here to talk to these ladies about my wardrobe; that will be for another occasion. Then, too, my tailor has not yet completed, or even begun either of these uniforms.

My going to the Fourteenth street armory in New York last Saturday night was accidental. I had been invited to a dinner by three formerly of Kansas people who are now living in New York City—Frances Garside,

formerly of the Atchison Globe; Miss M. E. Dolphin, teacher in the public schools some years ago at Emporia, and later superintendent of city schools at Leavenworth, and Mrs. Homer A. Dunn, whose husband was engaged at the Santa Fe offices here about eighteen years ago. For the past ten years two of these ladies have been living in New York City, and Mrs. Dunn has lived there for sixteen years.

After dinner they suggested that we go down to the war camp community dance. We were at 143d street, out near Harlem. Mrs. Dunn ordered her automobile and we went down to Fourteenth street, a distance of several miles. We arrived about 8:30. The immense floor was filled with soldiers and sailors from nearby camps and forts and young women from the good families of New York.

At the door was Mrs. James Madison Bass, a woman who, until the war broke at our doors, devoted herself entirely to society, but of late months she is giving all of her time to the social activities of the New York war camp community service. This organization is part of the Fosdick commission; is under the direction of the army and navy departments. Mrs. Bass is president and in direct charge of the social department. She has assisting her 250 hostesses; each hostess has two chaperons, and each chaperon is permitted to invite at various times as many as ten young women. Each of these young ladies the chaperon must know personally. Only those known to the chaperons may attend, and they only upon specific invitation. This makes available under the 500 chaperons' ten each—5,000 young women.

At these dances there are generally from 800 to 1,000 soldiers and sailors and as many young women.

I talked at length with Mrs. Bass about her work as I had opportunity between times. She greeted every one who came in. She said she was giving her whole time to this work. Her assistant, Mrs. Jennings, also gives her whole time. The 250 hostesses and workers give of their time from two to three days each week.

Each young woman who is invited to attend a particular dance is given a

ticket; that ticket is issued in duplicate. She can only be admitted by ticket, not by badge.

Around this immense floor, which I would think to be probably 200 or 250 feet square, were booths for each state. In large letters I saw the names, "Kansas," "New York," "Rhode Island" and of the other states. At these booths any state visitor who may be there, or any New York people with state connections who may be in attendance, occupy chairs there in readiness to entertain any soldiers from the respective states who may call.

The duty of the chaperons and hostesses is to introduce the young women and the soldiers and the sailors.

The idea of War Camp Community Service is to provide entertainment for the soldiers and sailors who are stationed within a radius of fifty or seventy-five miles from New York City and give them wholesome evenings apart from temptations. If the young men are not provided with good associates, there are associates of the other kind lying in wait for them. Some of these boys are young—very young—and some of them have never been away from home before; and a boy in a large city without acquaintance certainly might have a lonesome time and get into bad companionship.

Mrs. Bass and her associates not only give a big dance every Saturday, but they have arrangements made with other clubs and organizations to provide small dances, recitals, etc. For instance, some club will say. "We can entertain fifteen or twenty soldiers at a certain time." That place is listed and that number of soldiers sent there. Sometimes a New York lady will say: "I would like to entertain four or five soldiers at dinner or afternoon recital." She is given that opportunity.

The soldier boys are shown that the New York people have an interest in them. They are taught, and by example shown, that the uniform must represent the highest type of young manhood, and that the best citizens are behind them, thinking of their welfare and wishing them well.

Mrs. Bass told me that one day a young man came to her and asked her for a favor and she said she would grant it. The young soldier, surprised,

said: "Why did you believe in me?" She said. "I believed you because you wear the uniform." The young soldier said: "Gee, I'm glad I told you the truth."

There were two regimental bands there, one of forty pieces from the Coast Artillery corps at Fort Hamilton; the other, of twenty-eight pieces, was from Brooklyn, and was known as the old Ninth Regiment New York band. They played excellent music. One band would play a while, then the other. The intermissions between the dances were short. The young men and the young women seemed to be having a fine time.

I was introduced to one of the band leaders there and he said: "I will play a number for you," and he did. It was splendid music, I thought.

Since November this organization has entertained 10,000 soldiers and sailors and there has never been any trouble of any kind. If there should be any irregularity the chaperons would be responsible for it, but they told me there never had been any irregularity of any sort. Last Saturday evening they told me two young ladies came in evening dress. They were immediately sent home. They probably came back later; if they didn't they missed a good time.

In that gathering there were probably half a dozen gentlemen assisting the ladies in the way of a floor committee. I was introduced to one member of the floor committee who when he found I was from Topeka said: "Why, I am from Topeka myself. My name is Underwood and I used to work for the Santa Fe in Topeka, when Mr. Gillette was auditor. I now am engaged in valuation work here in New York on the New York Central railroad." We talked about old times in Topeka and I asked him questions about this work. He was just as interested as were the women; his wife was one of the hostesses.

There were light refreshments. I had part in this portion of the program, altho I didn't dance. Orange juice and war ginger bread cookies were served in ample quantities.

The ladies have an arrangement with one of the good hotels of New York City to provide any of the soldier boys with rooms at 25 cents per night, rooms that ordinarily cost from $1 to

$1.50. Their whole work is practical, happily conceived and well executed.

Shortly before 11 o'clock they began to disperse; that is the closing hour. I stood near Mrs. Bass and tried to get in a word edgewise. She spoke to everyone of those 900 soldiers and sailors as they filed out the door and to most of the young women. She said: "The next dance will be on next Saturday night at the Twelfth street armory and I want you all to come." After they passed Mrs. Bass there were two young men stationed just outside of the entrance giving out tickets to the soldiers that provided for free admission to recitals, band concerts and entertainments on the following day.

The hostesses are requested, practically required, not to bring their knitting, for the reason that they are expected to give their whole time to entertain the soldiers and sailors and see that they are introduced to the young ladies. These young women who are available for these dances are society women, home women, college women and business women.

The whole evening suggested to me that we ought to do something similar in Topeka for our week end soldier visitors. If the floor of the auditorium is too large, we could get some other hall, but I am inclined to think that the floor of the auditorium would not be too large. The Chamber of Commerce would be fine. It would require the co-operation of the various clubs in the city, probably the Y. W. C. A., the Native Daughters and the many women's clubs that are here in Topeka and they are anxious to do something of this kind if there is some leadership available, and the Rota club might constitute a sort of steering committee or executive committee and work in harmony with the entertainment committee of the Chamber of Commerce and other clubs to do something for the boys who come to Topeka Saturday and Sunday. It is not only Saturday evening that these boys have time on their hands, but they have afternoons and some days for entertainment, and the pleasures that could be given them in a wholesome manner are endless. It would undoubtedly be of

the greatest good here, as it is in New York.

A young man who was leaving for the front told Mrs. Bass that he hoped to come back and said, "If I do, I will surely see you. If I do not come back, I will remember always that you made me very happy here while I was in camp nearby."

I found the camps near New York City in excellent condition. I visited Camp Mills with Col. John S. Dean of Topeka, about fifteen miles out on Long Island. I expected to see there four or five former State Journal boys in the Thirty-fifth division, commanded by our own Gen. Charles I. Martin, but I did not. The only Topeka boys I saw there were Marshall Hite and Hugh Crawford.

The next day we went by automobile to Camp Merritt, about fifteen miles in the other direction, in New Jersey in the beautiful district near the palisades. With Colonel Dean, his wife and son Morris I made the trip up to 191st street, across the Hudson river ferry and up a wonderful road to the top of the palisades. The surrounding country is beautiful. At Camp Merritt, a charming spot, I saw fifteen or twenty Topeka boys. Among them were John Elliott, Charley Ellott's son; two boys named Thomas and Charley Bruce, who were State Journal carriers; Leroy Anderson, a Capital carrier; John Kinkle's son William; young Eagan, who was formerly with the Buick company here; Corporal Light, who was a clerk at the Hotel Throop a short time ago. They all seemed glad to see Colonel Dean and the rest of us from Topeka. I gave them a dozen Topeka papers which they eagerly read. They were all cheerful and happy. A number of them gave me messages to take home to their parents. Young Kinkle said: "You tell my father that I am fine; not to worry."

The camp there was in excellent condition. I don't see how it could have been better from a sanitary standpoint or among better surroundings, as it is a beautiful location on high grounds and bluffs.

These boys were all cheerful. I think they felt that the people here in Kansas and in New York were behind them, and that we are thinking

of them and would do our part back here at home to encourage them and the prosecution of the war.

This is drifting somewhat away from my subject of entertainment, but it seems to me it is vitally important to entertain these boys, and we can do it here just as easily as they do in New York. Satan always finds work for idle hands to do, and if entertainment and companionship are not extended to these boys there are associates of the other kind always obtruding themselves.

The whole spirit that I found in New York was one of confidence in victory. I saw a great many soldiers and sailors and officers. I took luncheon last Monday at the Army and Navy club with Congressman Anthony. On the train coming to Topeka I talked with a captain who had just re turned from the front. The people that are in touch with affairs are just as confident we are going to win this war as they can be. It is likely to be as Major Simmons told us here at the Chamber of Commerce Friday noon, the Germans may bend that line and bulge it, but they will not break thru it.

The soldiers have gone over from this country very rapidly in the last few months. We are about two years behind, but we are in time all right. We had thousands and thousands of automobiles that should have been shipped earlier than they were, but there are trucks there now. Everything has been expedited. They have men like Schwab and other big business men behind and working for the government.

Meanwhile, it is very important we should entertain these soldiers and sailors that are with us, some of them for weeks and months in training camps. It is just as important to entertain them and cheer them up as it is to provide them with food and clothing; and by the way, the ladies in connection with Mrs. Bass's work have an understanding that they will find out from these boys whether they have equipment of needed articles and if not they provide them.

It is fine work, and good work and is interesting the best people in New York. It is all having a wonderful

effect on the city itself and its citizens. They are cleaning up New York morally, as it was never cleaned before. Vice and crime have poorer chances for expressing themselves than ever in the history of the city.

This is a somewhat rambling talk and I hope you caught the main ideas. I believe the Rota club of Topeka could do a great thing in this connection. You have already mapped out important work; you have a fine Sunday entertainment arranged for a week from tomorrow. It is a good work. You can't do too much of it. It will do much good.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER II.

A Visit With T. R.

When I arrived in New York, Sunday, April 21, I found at the Hotel Martinque, a letter written five days previously addressed to me and endorsed "to arrive." The letter said:

"My Dear Mr. MacLennan: Colonel Roosevelt will be glad to see you Tuesday afternoon, April 23, at the Harvard club at 3 o'clock."

It was written on Colonel Roosevelt's stationery and signed "J. M. Stricker, Secretary." You can depend upon it that in my note in reply I did not say "Dear Mr. Stricker;" I made no such break as that. I happened to know that the name of the colonel's able and charming secretary is Josephine.

How I did hate to break that appointment! But I had to break it, I knew that. It must be broken as gently as possible, for Colonel Roosevelt is a mighty interesting man and no one who has a chance to meet him can afford to let the opportunity go by; if he does he is sure to miss something interesting. I don't like to miss interesting things or interesting people, so I promptly wrote a note something like this:

"Dear Miss Stricker: I appreciate Colonel Roosevelt's cordial invitation to see him Tuesday afternoon, April 23, at the Harvard club at 3 o'clock. It is a great disappointment to me to say that I cannot meet him at that time.

"It is this way: I came on to New York to attend the Associated Press annual meeting and the annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' association. The Associated Press has an all-day meeting Tuesday, the 23rd, and the American Newspaper Publishers will meet at the same place, the Waldorf-Astoria,

Wednesday, Thursday and until Friday this week.

"These meetings are very important to me as a publisher. On Tuesday there is a luncheon given by the Associated Press to its members, and I am quite sure the luncheon will not be over until after 3 o'clock, and from 3 o'clock until evening will be a continuation of the meeting with the returns covering the election of a new board.

"On Wednesday noon there is a luncheon given to the members of the Advertising Bureau. I am a member of this.

F. P. M. and T. R. at the Harvard Club.

"On Thursday noon there is a luncheon given by John Stewart Bryan, of Richmond, to the publishers of Trench and Camp. The edition for Camp Funston is published from my office.

"I hope I may see Colonel Roosevelt some time between noon, Friday, and Sunday midnight. My business in New York after Friday noon is wholly subordinate, and if I might ask an appointment be made accordingly, the meeting would give me great pleasure."

Wasn't it hard luck, and somewhat nervy to ask a former president and the great American citizen to change his appointment? But I have met Colonel Roosevelt so many times that I am familiar with the high type he exemplifies. I know his democracy;

and I know that he respects a position taken by anyone, no matter by whom, that even might on its face, but not in reality, appear to lack full deference toward any one who is powerful by reason of his office or position. Any man can go to Colonel Roosevelt, if properly known, no matter who he is, if he is believed to be "on the square," state his case and get consideration.

I stated my case and I got prompt consideration, for a messenger brought this note in reply:

"Be at the Harvard club, Friday, the 26th, at 3 p. m."

I was there; at least I intended to be there and I was there on time as nearly as I could be. This is what happened to both of us:

I took a taxi for the Harvard club on Forty-fourth street between Fifth and Sixth avenue. It was on the afternoon of the great New York City parade for the Third Liberty Loan. Fifth avenue, the natural route to the club from my hotel, was impassible. The driver went up Sixth avenue as far as Forty-first street. I saw we were blocked and remarked that I would walk the rest of the way.

That parade was hours in passing a given point, which was between me and the Harvard headquarters. There were 30,000 people in it and 300,000 watching it.

When I finally reached the club it was 3:10. I asked the man at the entrance if Colonel Roosevelt had come in. He said no; I felt better. He was late and would probably give me credit for being on time, as I should have been.

I sat down to write a letter in a room adjoining, keeping my eye on the door. In a few minutes the familiar figure came in, stepping lively, stopping at the same desk. I

hurriedly put the unfinished letter in my pocket and walked toward the front. Colonel Roosevelt seeing me about the same time, walked over in my direction. We exchanged greetings, he saying: "I was delayed; held up by the Liberty Loan parade."

He took me by the arm and said: "I want to go to the cloak room and check my hat and overcoat." I had checked my own already. He took my arm again and said: "Let us go into the lounging room." That's what they call it, but the colonel never lounges.

As we walked down the corridor and in the cathedral quiet of that beautiful, restful, high-ceiling room, with its soft, natural lights, its large leather easy chairs and lounges, the colonel remarked: "I am very fond of this Harvard club; I like to meet people here."

"Sit down on this davenport, Mr. MacLennan," said he. He sat in the middle of it, throwing his left leg up on the seat and letting his right touch the floor. I had to make a back of the end of the davenport and also, in order to face him, throw my right leg up, Turkish fashion, too, and let my left remain on the floor. We were then vis-a-vis.

Let me say right here that I have never seen Roosevelt looking better than he looked that day. He apparently had no difficulty in seeing me clearly, nor of hearing every word that was uttered; so with all of the sickness thru which he had passed, he seems to be as vigorous and active as ever.

If there is any defect in his vision, or any impairment of his hearing I did not discover it. If there be, there is one thing of which the reader may rest assured: T. R. can see more out

of one eye and hear more with one ear than the average man could out of half a dozen organs of sight and hearing.

The conversation lasted about thirty minutes. Nearly everything that was said could be printed with due propriety. Nothing in the nature of personal politics was discussed. He did not start discussion in that direction and I certainly did not endeavor to change anything from the interesting trend the talk took.

He said he had been cutting down a tree that morning for exercise. I remarked in reply that I had some timber at home that I utilized. I have to cut wood sometimes myself, but I confess I generally use a saw instead of an axe.

The nearest we got to any personal politics was right here, when I hazarded the word: "I know, colonel, you are going to express your opinions at all times and let the chips fall where they may," meaning, the reader understands, that Roosevelt is going to say what he thinks and do what he believes proper in these critical times, taking little note of what political effect one way or the other what he says might have on any future fortunes.

After inquiring about Mrs. Roosevelt, I naturally asked him about Captain Archie.

His animated face was further alight as he remarked with staccato enthusiasm and satisfaction:

CHAPTER III.

A Visit With T. R.—Continued.

"Archie, I am glad to say, is getting along nicely. He was grievously wounded, but thanks to the surgical skill available, I am told that he will retain the use of his arm and that he will not be a cripple. He is in a Paris hospital in good hands.." (The writer learned from Major Simmons, who was in Topeka the other day, that Captain Archie's shoulder was badly shattered, that his leg was severely lacerated and that he is under the care of Doctor Lambert, Colonel Roosevelt's own physician, who has been with him upon many expeditions.)

"Kermit is the only one of your boys I have ever met, colonel. He and Mrs. Roosevelt were at the luncheon in the White House to which you kindly invited me sixteen years ago. Kermit is in Mesopotamia, is he not?"

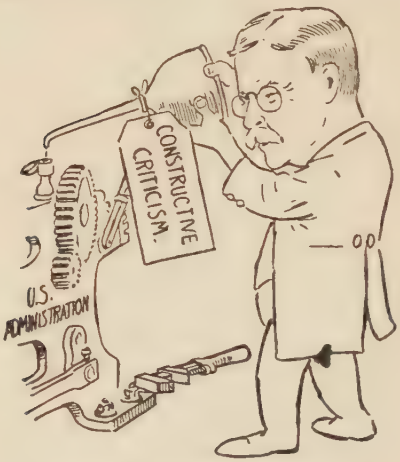
"Yes, he has been there, but now that things are more quiet in that region he is, I hear, about to be transferred to the French front. I am told, but I am not saying it with authority, but with satisfaction, of course, that Kermit is to be promoted to a captaincy."

I had already read Roosevelt's strong, timely editorial contributed to the current, May, number of the Metropolitan Magazine: the leading article in the issue, entitled, "Lincoln and Free Speech." The article was uppermost in my mind at the time, and in view of the criticism of the former president coming from certain quarters it seemed to me particularly sharp pointed and effective; it is worthy of general reading just now

because it puts certain matters in their proper perspective.

In this connection I ventured this statement: "Colonel, if you or any one had criticised President Wilson today as Abraham Lincoln, then in congress, criticised President Polk in 1848 at the time this country was at war with Mexico, the critic would have been ostracized.

"He would have been ostracised," said the colonel.



Merely Oiling the Machine.

Roosevelt has a forceful, custom those who have talked with him will recall, of repeating the last words from some one with whom he is in conversation and with whom he agrees as to the sentiment expressed at the time.

Colonel Roosevelt's idea, as I understand it and as he makes it plain in the magazine article, is that criticism of the administration is both advisable and essential to the country's welfare; and that it naturally comes to him to offer some of this criticism, but that the criticism is constructive.

It is thru criticism of this sort from

the newspapers and other influences that the administration has time and again modified its views and the actions that have resulted therefrom. This is true to the extent that the president has repeatedly reversed himself; but be it understood, has done so for the country's good.

It is thru constructive criticism from an intelligent standpoint, and the standpoint of experience as well, that the administration profits and the country, of course, correspondingly profits.

Lincoln's idea and Roosevelt's idea are identical. Lincoln had President Polk to deal with in the Mexican war, and President Wilson is to be considered, of course, in this great war.

Far be it from the State Journal to criticise President Wilson; that is, to criticise him in any narrow or partisan spirit. President Wilson is doing great things today, Secretary Baker is doing great things and Secretary Daniels has been doing wonderful things; but the present condition of affairs in the army and navy and diplomatic circles is largely the result of a reversal of views on the part of the executives of this country.

This is not a reflection upon the present day activities of the president and his secretaries in the cabinet; but it is clearly apparent to everyone that the administration was a year or two behind; we were not prepared; we were slow in preparing; but we are getting prepared fast now; we are doing wonderful things in sending thousands upon thousands of our soldiers and huge quantities of munitions to the front, and this paper is not disposed at present to cry over spilled milk, but to commend the administration for what it is doing now. Meanwhile, France and Great

Britain have been holding the line and waiting upon us to fully catch up.

But let Colonel Roosevelt speak for himself, as he does in the magazine—and we hope our readers will get hold of it. Fearing many cannot, readily, here are some excerpts:

"Patriotism means to stand by the country. It does not mean to stand by the president or any other public official save exactly to the degree in which he himself stands by the country. It is patriotic to support him in so far as he efficiently serves the country.

"It is unpatriotic not to oppose him to the exact extent that by inefficiency or otherwise he fails in his duty to stand by the country. In either event it is unpatriotic not to tell the truth—whether about the president or about anyone else—save in the rare cases where this would make known to the enemy information of military value which would otherwise be unknown to him.

"If the administration does the work of war with all possible speed, and efficiency, and stands for preparedness as a permanent policy, and heartily supports our allies and insists upon complete victory as a basis of peace, I shall heartily support it. If the administration moves in the direction of an improper peace of the peace of defeat and of cowardice, or if it wages war feebly and timidly, I shall oppose it, and shall endeavor to awake the American people to their danger. I hold that only in this way can I act as patriotism bids me act.

"A distinguished federal judge recently wrote me as follows:

" 'The authors of the first amendment to the federal constitution guaranteeing the right of assembly and of freedom of speech of the press did not thus safeguard those rights for the sake alone of persons who were to enjoy them, but even more because they knew that the republic which they were founding could not be worked on any other basis.

" 'Since Marshall tried Burr for treason it has been clear that that crime cannot be committed by words, unless one acts as a spy or gives advice to the enemy of military or naval operations. It cannot be committed by statements reflecting upon officers or measures of government.

" 'The right to say wise things necessarily implies the right to say foolish things. The

answer to foolish speech is wise speech. The republic is founded upon the faith that if the American people are permitted freely to hear foolish and wise speech, a majority will choose the wise.

"'As John Milton said in his defense of the freedom of the press: 'Let truth and error grapple. Whoever knew truth to be beaten in a fair fight?'"

The Lincoln and Free Speech article continues as follows:

"The following extracts from Lincoln's speeches during the Mexican war time about the then president, are illuminating to those who do not understand that one of the highest and most patriotic duties to be performed at this time is to tell the truth whenever it becomes necessary in order to force our government to speed up the war.

"Lincoln justified himself for voting in favor of a resolution censoring the president for his action prior to and during the war which was then going on, January 12, 1848, saying 'The president falls far short of proving his justification. He would have gone further with his proof if it had not been for the small matter that the truth would not permit him. The president's message is from beginning to end the sheerest deception. Let him answer fully, fairly and candidly with facts, not arguments; let him remember he sits where Washington sat and so remembering, let him answer as Washington would answer; let him attempt no evasion, no equivocation.'

"In other words, Lincoln says he did not wish rhetoric or fine phrases, the adroit and subtle pleadings and reversal of positions previously held.

"Lincoln continues in saying that President Polk had bungled his work; was perplexed.

"Lincoln had to deal with various critics of the 'stand-by-the-president' type. He explains that President Polk's supporters 'untiring in their efforts that all should vote supplies or take part in the war do not of necessity approve the president's conduct; but that he (Lincoln) distinguished between the two and voted for supplies and men, but 'denounced the president's conduct, condemned the administration.'

"Lincoln said to give the president the power demanded for him by some

people would 'place the president where kings have always stood.'

Roosevelt continues, "to the president's several party supporters Lincoln makes a distinction which also applies at the present time. 'Distinction between the cause of the president and the cause of the country, you cannot make; to you the country and the president seem to be one; we see the distinction clear enough.'"

Roosevelt holds "that our loyalty is due solely to the American republic and to all our public servants exactly in the proportion as they faithfully and efficiently serve the republic. We should stand by the president so far as he serves the republic; we will stand by the national government in all things which are essential to bring the present war to a successful end and support the righteousness of the nation's cause. I shall support every official from the president down who does well, and shall oppose every such official who does ill; I shall not put the personal comfort of the president or any public servant above the welfare of the country."

"We cannot quote Lincoln too often now," I here vouchsafed.

"We cannot quote Lincoln too often," said the colonel. "I am glad you like the Metropolitan article."

While we were sitting there a string of cards came toward him; that is, if a card about every five minutes could be called a part of a string. As we went along, the colonel picked up one card saying, "Please tell the gentleman to wait a few moments" and again, "Say I will be with him pretty soon," and "Ask him to wait in the lobby."

It is understood that this writer speaks without any authority from Colonel Roosevelt, either expressed or implied. The latter has no knowledge of this article and most assuredly made no suggestion that anything of this sort be written.

"I wonder, Colonel, if you have read Meredith Nicholson's 'Middle West Politics,' in the current number of Scribner's "

The Colonel had not. He is busier than I. Scribner's had just been out a few days and I had found time to go thru the article, because it interested me vitally.

Here I offered, in substance:

"Mr. Nicholson evidently understands his subject. He practically classifies as the middle west all that part of the country between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. He says the people out there like to hear speakers—statesmen, politicians and others who show clearly a human interest in their affairs and who understand the 'home folks.'

"Nicholson might have applied his same thoughts to the Pacific coast. It seems to me that if Justice Hughes could have represented these two things of 'home folks' and 'human interest in western affairs' and had shaken hands with Governor Hiram Johnson during the campaign, he would have been elected president. He certainly lacked expression by his actions of that sympathetic and human feeling and touch with the home folks in California."

"You have expressed quite a general belief," said the colonel.

About this time the stream of cards was making me feel uncomfortable and I said good-bye.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER IV.

A Table of Contents.

This series began with the stenographer's story entitled "Entertainment for the Soldiers." That afterward proved to be Chapter I, altho it was not so marked; printed May 6.

Then came the Preface, printed in the State Journal May 10; then Chapter II with the caption, "A Visit With T. R.," published May 11. Chapter III was a continuation and conclusion of Chapter II.

This is Chapter IV. Perhaps before we get any farther along, dear

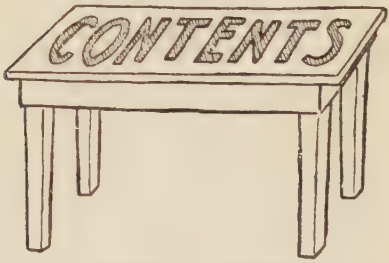


Table of Contents.

reader, we ought to have a "Table of Contents" for this work. That's customary. So here it is; but as none of the chapters following III are yet written, the writer reserves the right to change the order. It is planned, however, to print one chapter a day.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Preface, Friday, May 10.
Chapter I, "The Entertainment of Soldiers," Monday, May 6.
Chapter II, "A Visit With T. R.," Saturday, May 11.
Chapter III, "A Visit With T. R.," continued, Monday, May 13.

Chapter IV, "A Table of Contents," Tuesday, May 14.

Chapter V, "Food Without Wheat," Wednesday, May 15.

Chapter VI, "Great Britain and Her Forces on Sea and Land," Thursday, May 16.

Chapter VII, "A Dinner With Dean," Friday, May 17.

Chapter VIII, "Two Evenings in New York With Harry Lauder," Saturday, May 18.

Chapter IX, "The Revision of Cook Books," Monday, May 20.

Chapter X, "Uncle Joe, 82 Years Young," Tuesday, May 21.

Chapter XI, "Camps Mills and Merritt," Wednesday, May 22.

Chapter XII, "How and Why the State Journal Has Just Purchased $7,000 Worth of Machinery of Entirely New Order," Thursday, May 23.

Chapter XIII, "Letters and Telegrams From William H. Taft; What Led Up to Them and What Resulted," Friday, May 24.

Chapter XIV, "The Wyandots," Saturday, May 25.

Chapter XV, "The Associated Press and Other War News Gathering Associations," Monday, May 27.

Chapter XVI, "The American Newspaper Publishers' Association," Tuesday, May 28.

The readers of the State Journal during the next two weeks, it is planned, will have an opportunity to read one of these chapters a day.

Will the readers of this paper stand for this program? Bear in mind before you make the answer that there is no additional cost; the price of the paper remains the same: 12½ cents each week delivered by carrier; two weeks for a quarter; by mail, postage prepaid, one year, $4.80; six months, $2.40; one month, 50 cents—but certainly you would not want the paper for only one month. You lose 10 cents if you subscribe for the paper for one month only.

You must remember that both dur-

ing the publication of this series of chapters and for a long time thereafter, the State Journal will continue to receive and print therefrom the war news, the general news covered by the world wide, enterprising, accurate and old reliable Associated Press, and also the splendid reports of the United Press, a lively organization for afternoon papers only. No other daily in Kansas receives the full leased wire reports of these two great world wide news gathering associations. This paper is unique in that respect. It thus requires the services all day of two of the fastest and most expert telegraphers to be secured.

This paper receives also the complete copy of the Associated Press full night report, and also a news report from the International News Service, a service strong in special features, including in its correspondents men like Rudyard Kipling and other noted writers.

Let us take this opportunity to also say that this paper has a big staff of reporters to cover completely and promptly the local and state happenings.

As long as there is some space remaining for this chapter, it may not be out of the way to refer to the pictures and cartoons printed daily, including "Mutt and Jeff," "Bringing Up Father," and many of the best features available for any newspaper.

On Saturday there is a double number of twenty pages, which includes "Tom Sawyer," "Buster Brown," and "Bringing Up Father," all in colors, a page each.

The space for this chapter is not of sufficient length to enumerate the many varied and additional features and news printed daily and on Saturdays.

Single numbers may be obtained for

three cents, except the noon edition, which is two cents, and excepting the Saturday double number, which is five cents; but, of course, you wish to get on the regular list, otherwise you do not know what you will miss. You can save many, many times what you pay for this paper by noting the values offered by the enterprising Topeka merchants.

Thus endeth the chapter.

Tomorrow's installment will be Chapter V and will treat of "Food Without Wheat."

CHAPTER V.

Food Without Wheat.

Food will win the war.

Hoover started this slogan, and is certainly effectually not only shouting it, but inducing the people from day to day, week to week and month to month to believe in its truth; at least as one of the greatest allies to the men and munitions, which at the front are bearing the brunt of the battle.

Nothing is more important than food and supplies in abundance for the brave men of Great Britain, France, Italy and America.

To insure this food supply, especially the concentrated foods and the most staple and necessary of the food ingredients, wheat, we at home must find substitutes.

This is being done.

In the west we have wheatless days and meatless days in order, as they say, that we may not have some day in the future mealless days for ourselves or any such days for our soldiers.

The east is closer to the war. It is no more loyal nor is it more liberal in proportion to its wealth and resources in supplying everything upon which the success at arms depends, whether this be money, men or supplies.

But the east, being nearer the world's great highway, the ocean, and near to the munition plants, the seat of national government and the activities of the war factories and the ports from which our soldiers and sailors and supplies go forth—these things all make the east a little closer to the war.

While we in the west have wheat-

less days, in the east every day is wheatless.

From the time that the writer left on this trip to New York, Friday, April 19, until his return Wednesday, May 1, to the best of his knowledge and belief he ate no food containing wheat.

Starting out the first evening with Fred Harvey of the Santa Fe dining car system, no food with wheat in it was served to him.

Printed at the head of the menu card was this injunction in red ink:

"In response to the urgent appeal of the United States Food Administration, this restaurant is pledged to serve no food containing wheat in any form until September 1, 1918."

A similar declaration appeared on every menu card, whether on dining car, at hotel or restaurant, and at most cafes.

Perhaps you would like to know what I had in place of bread. Here is what it was: Harvey bread, made of rice flour, potato flour, barley flour and milk. This is supplied toasted and is extremely palatable.

There were also liberty muffins and Mr. Volmer, a steward for Mr. Harvey of the Santa Fe, said there was no wheat flour in the muffins, which were made of corn flour, rice flour, milk, egg and a little baking powder.

For dinner on the Pennsylvania road between Chicago and New York this is what I had:

Cotuits.	30 cents
Broiled shad.	45 cents
Baked potato.	20 cents
Ice cream.	20 cents
War bread.	10 cents
Iced tea.	15 cents
Total.	$1.40

In Topeka I get a good luncheon for 35 cents.

It is almost impossible at one of the larger hotels in the east to get a simple breakfast for less than $1.65. It seems extravagant, but then when you are among the Romans you must do as the Romans do, as the saying goes, and Romans here may mean New Yorkers or Washingtonians, Pennsylvanians or Chicagoans.

Here is a breakfast I had one morning at the Hotel Raleigh in Washington where I spent one day:

Grape fruit.	30 cents
Oat meal with cream..	35 cents
Poached eggs.	35 cents
Coffee with cream....	35 cents
Rice cakes with syrup..	30 cents
Total. $1.65	

The reader will observe here that there was no meat and no bread and butter in this breakfast. Fifteen cents might have been saved had buttered war bread toasted been ordered instead of the rice cakes, but the writer was very hungry that morning, altho he had just arrived from New York on his way home and where there was plenty to eat and plenty of price to pay for it.

At a dinner in New York, which will be written about in a chapter for day after tomorrow, Chapter VII, the charge for the dinner was $10, and yet at the bottom of the menu, which contained no meat, there was this line:

"Bread and butter will not be served at this dinner unless asked for."

I didn't ask for any; neither did Colonel Dean, who sat next to me, want any. We were all conserving wheat, but we were paying a good big price for the conservation, at least I was; Colonel Dean was a guest. He got his money's worth all right, and in connection with the eloquent speeches by distinguished men, the writer got more than his money's worth. But

this "Dinner With Dean" comes in Chapter VII on Friday, while tomorrow's schedule calls for Chapter VI, "Great Britain and Her Forces on Sea and Land."

CHAPTER VI.

"Great Britain and Her Forces on Sea and Land."

The fourth annual luncheon of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' association was a most interesting event.

It was given in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, at noon on April 24. It was not so much what was served at the meal that made it important, but the wonderful five to ten minute speeches that were interspersed between the courses.

This luncheon was unique. The speakers began with the soup and about the time the cigars and coffee were served following the dessert, the last speaker came on.

It is a good idea. I hope we can introduce it in Topeka some time at our dinners instead of stringing them out to late hours as is sometimes the custom.

But to begin with, this luncheon cost $3.50 per plate and here is what there was to it, followed by cigars and interspersed with cigarets for those who desired them:

MENU.

Strained Julienne, in Cups.
Celery. Olives.
Broiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce.
Half Broiled Squab Chicken.
Green Peas Saute in Butter.
Hearts of Lettuce, Long Island.
Fancy Ice Cream.
Assorted Cakes.
Coffee.

It might be interesting to say here that never in a visit to New York did the writer see so little drinking of liquor and such a few varieties of liquor

served, where it was served at all. The number of people who attend big luncheons and big dinners who drink nothing stronger than coffee is increasing from year to year; in fact, drinking is quite often tabooed.

There were, as already stated in this chapter, eloquent, pointed speeches.

I will undertake to give a few epigrams only from a wonderful talk by Sir John Foster Fraser of London, chairman of the war lectures committee of Great Britain.

Sir John, who seems to be very democratic in his ways and speech, criticized our big Sunday papers before he proceeded with the serious portion of his address. He said:

"Your Sunday papers in America are fascinating to me. I confess that I find in them much publicity but frequently little information. I read in them that for $30 one can dress like an English dude and feel like an American congressman."

This caught the audience and he then made some wonderful statements, some of them, so far as I know, never before printed.

Here are some things he said, and I quote from hearing him as I did not read his speech afterwards:

"The English navy in August, 1914, just as the great war broke, had four million tons; today she has six million tons, or 50 per cent more than when the war began."

This was a remarkable statement, especially from an authority, and struck his hearers with amazement, for until this time all, or most of us, everybody I had heard speak of it had supposed the German submarines were destroying and reducing British tonnage at a tremendous rate. This was big news to those present and of

a most gratifying and encouraging nature.

"In Scotland and England one in every seven is in the army; in Ireland, one in thirty-six."

"In one month Great Britain lost 27,000 dead in France. Two abreast this would reach from Washington Square to One Hundred Twenty-first street."

"Six hundred thousand British lie dead in France."

"In four weeks Great Britain lost more men than in the United States the entire north lost in the Civil war."

"Yet we are not disheartened. We must be cheerful; the soldiers at the front are always full of good cheer. Our line may bend, may bulge, but, by the gods, never will the Germans break thru it."

"I saw 600 men lying in the mud wounded. It seemed as if they would never laugh again. Out of 1,000 only ninety were left. Their caps were gone, their mouths were bloody, but they were bright and cheerful and they were singing 'Your Old Kit Bag.'

"Have no fear. What you have to fear is not war propaganda but peace propaganda. The Germans have united us; they have brought Great Britain and France and America together. Not in 100 years could these countries have been cemented as they are now; they are linked as brothers—Great Britain, France and America."

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER VII.

A Visit at the New York Herald.

En Route to Philadelphia, May 14, 1918, Pennsylvania Train 22, near Pittsburg.

The announcement in the Associated Press dispatches this evening in the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph, which I have just read, of the sudden death of James Gordon Bennett, the great editor of a great newspaper, induces me

James Gordon Bennett.

to change Chapter VII as planned for Friday's State Journal to a chapter devoted to Bennett and my visit a few days ago to his office in New York and with W. A. Rogers, my old school-

mate in Ohio and chairman of the New York Herald council.

This chapter was to have been "A Dinner With Dean," but that chapter, not yet written, will now become Chapter VIII for Saturday.

It might be noted that Chapters IV, V and VI, appearing Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, were written, dictated, on the train since leaving Topeka Monday and sent in.

Rogers and the writer meet periodically in New York when business permits.

One recent evening in the latter part of April W. A. R. took dinner with me at my hotel, the Martinique. Naturally a good time "was had." Later we went over to the Herald office, near by.

"Do you still keep Mr. Bennett's room in there and his desk, spick and span, with fresh blotters, ink, clean pens and stationery, ready for him, if he should step in any moment, without warning?" I asked.

"Yes," said Rogers, "that's our custom."

"And you meet every day, as always, at 3 p. m., and preside at the council and formulate your daily cable to him to Paris, or wherever on the globe he may be, and receive cables from him?"

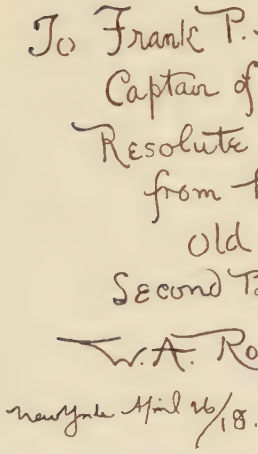
"Yes."

Rogers is the cartoonist, a famous one. He succeeded Nast. He had given me many of his originals, which hang on State Journal walls and in my home. On this trip he gave me his "Black and White Book of War Cartoons" and this is the inscription on the fly leaf:

(German helmet is compliment to the State Journal's vigorous swatting of kaiserism and Prussianism.)

We were fourteen then, same age, and in a minor league, very minor.

Rogers also gave me his cartoon: "He Has Paid His Liberty Bond," which was printed in the Herald a few weeks ago and represents a soldier



boy lying on his back, after being listed with the fatal casualties. This cartoon attracted the attention of the government, which ordered seventy-five thousand reprinted and distributed to help the Third Liberty Loan Drive.

Many times have I visited the Herald office, year after year, before the present State Journal building was constructed, and studied it inside and out, from top to bottom, every department. The blinking owls at Eighth

and Kansas were inspired by the Herald owls, which only glare steadily. Other features were noted and modified to suit the Kansas environment.

But of the dead editor: He died in the harness at 77; a bachelor till 73, when he married a Philadelphian, the widow of a son of Baron de Reuter, who founded the celebrated British news service, with which the Associated Press has long enjoyed reciprocal relations.

Mr. Bennett's last words and work were about his newspaper.

Several thousand miles away from his main newspaper office, Mr. Bennett directed in minute detail the affairs of the New York Herald and maintained for himself one of the most commanding positions in American journalism. For more than a quarter of a century he lived in Paris and worked simultaneously there and in New York. No man before him or since has attempted such long-distance editing.

Two years ago the editor of the State Journal was detained in California by illness in his family for many weeks. The telegraph was used freely; mails were so often too slow. That was probably the nearest that any Kansas man ever came to long distance editing.

The present four years' contract with the Topeka Typographical Union was then negotiated by wire, wherein the printers and the proprietor entered into one of those many agreements, which for thirty-two years have always been maintained between employer and employe without disagreement, strike, lock-out or the fracture of the most pleasant relations; but the Typographical Union is a great institution, established and maintained

upon good principles and with the highest standards. It does fine things for its men and women, takes care of its sick and disabled, keeps up a national home for the latter at Colorado Springs, buries the dead, pensions the living when they are too old for active service and gives the widow and orphans a liberal fund. We were never good enough at type-setting and never worked at it long enough to qualify for membership—else we should have joined—that's one of the regrets. We believe in their eight hour regulation, thoroly—for the printer; but the proprietor has to break it, for himself; for instance on this trip and at home sometimes.

I have heard this story told concerning Mr. Bennett. Once a Texas editor was hobnobbing with Bennett in Paris when the latter stopped to file a long cable about the Grand Prix race. The Texas editor, not to be outdone, ordered the operator to duplicate the story to the Lone Star Signal. The Texas paper, upon receiving the cable, went into the hands of the sheriff, who attached the property to cover the cable tolls.

Altho living in Paris, Bennett was strenuously American in his ideas of government. He liked a long range view of his dailies but worked laboriously daily in conduct of his papers. He was intensely patriotic and detested the kaiser.

This aversion, apparently, never left him. It was natural from Mr. Bennett's residence in France and from his understanding of European affairs that his newspapers should have been most active in support of the allied cause, from the minute war broke out in 1914. But about their antagonism to Germany there was

from the first a bitter intensity which came to other American publications later when German atrocities became known.

A writer in a New York paper says:

He foresaw that America would get into the war as soon as the Germans opened their submarine policy, and he did his utmost to bring America in sooner. One illustration showing how deeply he felt about the matter was the way in which he forgave Colonel Roosevelt, a thing that was very hard for him to do.

He was so much pleased with the vigor of the ex-president's pro-war policy that he personally dictated the editorial, cabled from Europe, in which the Herald expressed sorrow that Colonel Roosevelt was not president.

Bennett was courageous to the limit, never showed to better advantage than in the way he stuck to Paris during the advance of the Germans from the Marne. The government moved to Bordeaux, and most of the Paris papers moved away, but Bennett would not budge. He ran so short of printers that he was reduced to getting out a two-page paper. He said he would keep on getting out the paper as long as he had a printer in his employ. He declared that there was no danger of losing Paris, said that French were gathering strength and that Germans were falling into a trap.

When attempts were made to induce him to leave Paris, he lost his temper and said he would keep on printing his paper until the Germans got there, and if they ever did get into Paris he would keep on printing it if they would let him. His example had a fine effect on the courage of the people and gave them a hearty respect for Americans. His paper became the

rallying point for patriotic Americans. The French loved him.

There are lively stories that could be written in this chapter about Bennett, but the mail must be caught for Friday's paper.

From almost every angle Bennett's position in the newspaper world has been unique. Upon the death of his father, who was founder of the Herald, the younger Bennett, then just past 30 years, inherited the largest newspaper fortune accumulated by any American publisher up to that time. He applied it toward achievements to startle the public and thus redound to the credit of his newspaper. In many instances these achievements became important items in the world's history.

Such was the policy he inaugurated when as managing editor in 1870 he ordered Henry M. Stanley into the heart of Africa to find Livingstone; such when he sent the ill-fated Jeanette expedition to discover the North Pole; such when he joined in the laying of the commercial cable—all typical instances of enterprise to "make news" or further its transmission.

In contrast to the personal journalism of the elder Bennett and Greeley type, the younger Bennett was one of the first to sound the impersonal note. He declared that his paper should become a sort of republic of which no man or party should have control. From the first he refused to recognize "celebrities" as compared with "workers" on his staff, and it is related that even when Stanley came back from his triumph in Africa, young Bennett rewarded him with the mean assignment of "covering" the Tenderloin police district in New York.

When Mr. Bennett moved to Paris in 1887 he started the Paris edition of the New York Herald and again took a unique position as this is still the only American daily newspaper published in Europe. During this residence abroad, broken only by the unexpected arrival of the Bennett yacht in New York harbor once every two or three years for a short stop, the editors in immediate control of the New York Herald kept a chair at their conference table always vacant for the absent editor.

The Herald, marked minutely with the names of the men who had written certain articles or news stories, was forwarded to him in Paris daily. He kept in touch with every detail of personnel and policy. Daily, or oftener, the cable from Paris, or wherever he might be sojourning in his yacht, brought the editor-in-chief's executive orders, for promotion or discharge, for compliment or reprimand, or sketch of general policies.

His whims, amounting, his critics said, to eccentricities, were one of the most interesting angles of his personality. It is related that he dismissed a musical critic simply because "he was such a funny looking man," and put the financial editor in his place; that a "copy" boy who ran into the pit of Mr. Bennett's stomach in the Herald office received several dollars reward for his unusual haste. These and many instances like them were traditions of Herald employes.

He laughed at conventions, and invariably printed in the Herald the worst things his enemies said about him. When Jay Gould gave to the press a letter of 10,000 words attacking Bennett's personal life, the editor of the Herald turned about and published it in full with the curt remark that Mr. Gould was "a gentleman." When John Kelley, leader of Tammany Hall, publicly assailed Mr. Bennett's character, he retorted: "The proprietor of the Herald lost his reputation long before Mr. Kelley was ever heard of."

He swung his newspaper from one side to another in public questions with startling abruptness.

In his innumerable promotions, all bearing upon the promotion of his newspaper, Mr. Bennett figured as a notable patron of sport. He introduced polo into America; revived coaching in France; organized international automobile and aeronautical races, and built and sailed numerous yachts.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Dinner With Dean.

Lieut. Col. John S. Dean of the law firm of Ferry, Doran & Dean, has a big job with the government and seems to be thoroly equal to it. Your Kansan was with him many times day and night on the week's visit in New York. He does not get as good pay for it as his law practice at Topeka gave him, but he enjoys it and is helping to win the war.

He is living with his wife and son Morris at that wonderful and democratic hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria, which, with all the many new hostelries, still holds its unique place as New York's most attractive and fascinating place for visitors sojourning in New York.

Wherever one stops in the metropolis he is quite sure to drop around to the Waldorf and see who's there—and he finds him always some one interesting or famous, sometimes both.

Dean says he can live at the Waldorf about as economically as he can anywhere in gun shot of Broadway.

His office is at 104 Broad street. He has a corps under him and well he may for his work is big. He is chairman of the war department board of appraisers for property commandeered by the government and the worth of it runs into the millions. There are the Bush terminals taken over, big tracts along the coast for piers and ports. The other day you read of Charles M. Schwab, who is speeding in remarkable manner ship construction, taking over in fifteen minutes nine floors of a new office building in Philadelphia for his work. Dean and his commission must inves-

tigate and say and determine what is a fair price to pay the owner for the rental.

I wanted to take Colonel Dean as my guest, ten dollars a plate, to the Publishers' Dinner, 600 plates, but the rules would not permit me to take as a guest any one not with me in the State Journal work—but the general committee said we want the colonel there, we will invite him as our guest and let him sit by you. There's where I accomplished my purpose—and saved an X.

Here's what we ate. There was little to drink except water and coffee:

Cherrystone Clams
Sorrel Soup with Toasties
Celery Radishes Olives
Filet of Sole, White Wine Sauce
Potatoes a la Parisienne
Sweetbreads, Montebello Style
Green Peas, Saute in Butter
Sherbet with Kirsch
Breast of Chicken Stuffed, Tyrolienne
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Fancy Ice Creams Assorted Cakes
Coffee

Footnote: "Bread and butter will not be served at this dinner unless asked for."

There were big men as speakers—only big men. Here's the list:

Rev. William T. Manning, D. D., Invocation.

Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War.

Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy.

Hon. Charles Evans Hughes.

M. Luzanne, Editor Paris Matin.

They were great speeches, worth the full price of admission.

There was more talk afterward about Justice Charles E. Hughes's speech than of the others. It, like the others, was full of patriotism, determination and confidence of victory.

Secretary Daniels made a fine address. He's a newspaper man at Raleigh, N. C., when working at his regular calling.

Secretary Baker, just back from the front, brought most interesting and encouraging news from the French front and incidentally set at rest the rumor of friction between the war and navy secretaries by paying Daniels a

Col. John S. Dean.

high compliment. "I know," said he, "the efficiency of the navy, for I have just come from one of our ships convoyed safely by others from the U. S. N."

Mrs. Dean was in the gallery, and Miss Garside, formerly of Atchison, and Miss Dolphin, formerly the superintendent of the Leavenworth public

schools—both now in New York for ten years—were there. There were forty boxes, in two tiers, with probably eight ladies to the box.

Dean said he enjoyed it immensely. He met many prominent men and they enjoyed meeting him, too. Dean must always wear his uniform—the same on all occasions and his gold leaf on each shoulder gave him significance.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER IX.

Two Evenings in New York With Harry Lauder—I.

The readers of this paper know that the writer is fond of Harry Lauder, that is to say, if they are regular patrons of the State Journal, they are informed on this point. If occasional patrons, they will surmise this in a few minutes.

There are several reasons for this: he is man in every sense of the word; he is an artist of song and good cheer; and there is possibly some Scotch blood of the same strain in our veins; for, as told to the Rotary club at a luncheon in Topeka in March, when the popular star was in the capital city, his name is Harry MacLennan Lauder.

He was born near Edinburgh; my father was born at Inverness. His mother was a MacLennan.

You naturally would think that I would never miss an opportunity to see and hear Lauder. You think correctly, as the regular subscribers of this paper are aware I have seen and heard him many times: three times in Topeka, twice in one day, once in London, twice in New York, once at 2 a. m.

On this memorable trip to New York, experiences on which are in these chapters related, Lauder was filling a two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan Opera house, and I was one of the first-nighters. With me was Col. John S. Dean of Topeka and New York and of the United States service.

We had two seats in the balcony up near the stage, and Mr. Murray, general manager of Mr. Lauder, asked

our seat numbers. Mr. Murray has been in Topeka with many attractions, once with the "Twelve Temptations" many years ago and again in Topeka this spring with Lauder. Murray introduced us to William Morris, who is

Harry Lauder on the Stage.

the Klaw & Erlanger and probably more so for many dramatic personages. His favorite star is Lauder. The immense opera house, with its six balconies, was filled. The performance was practically the same as given

in Topeka and about the same songs were sung, with a few extras.

During the intermission a sprightly young woman came out before the curtain and in fifteen minutes raised thirty thousand dollars for the third liberty loan. The first subscriber was William Morris, $5,000. Later Lauder walked to the front of the stage with a large new photograph of himself, the only one taken. He said, "I want to auction this photograph, the proceeds to go to my million pound fund for maimed soldiers. We must allow no returning veterans to sell shoestrings on the street corners. Do I have any offers?"

"Twenty-five dollars," said some one in the audience.

"Fifty dollars," said another.

"One hundred dollars," said a third.

The bidding proceeded to $700.

"If you will make it $800, I will sing you a song I rarely sing, and I will autograph the photograph."

"Eight hundred dollars," said a lady in the audience.

When the check was passed up to the stage, the lady got her autographed photograph.

"I will give you $50 for your fund," shouted some one, "if you will sing 'A Wee Hoose 'Mang the Heather.'"

"Let me have your check," said Harry.

The check was forthcoming and so was the song.

"I will give you $10 if you will shake hands with me," said a gentleman in the lower box quite close to the stage.

Lauder walked over to the corner, stepped toward the box, extending his hand, but about a foot away from the man who wanted to touch palms with him.

"Let me have your $10," said Lauder.

The man passed over a $10 bill and got his handshake.

Some one in the audience said, "I will give you $75 if you will sing 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'.' "

Lauder hesitated and finally said, "I will sing it Wednesday evening."

Mr. Lauder, as in Topeka, made the New York audience sing with him the song so fascinating, called, "We'll All Go Hame Together."

Again and again did Lauder rehearse his audience.

Looking up toward us in the balcony, he said: "A little light up on the 'shelves' there. Why don't you open your mouths, like this," and he held out both hands with his wrists touching, moving his palm and fingers up and down like the mouth of an alligator. The shelves and the entire audience responded with a will.

"Raise the roof of this opera house if you want to, the bloomin' Metropolitan doesn't belong to me." He tried this on the Topeka audience, referring to the Grand, and it went just as well in New York as it did in Topeka.

Mr. Murray took Colonel Dean and me back to the dressing room. While Mr. Lauder was getting off his stage paint and into his business clothes, the colonel and I talked with William Morris and Murray.

"Mr. Morris, you responded pretty vigorously, a few minutes ago, when the lady asked for third liberty loan bond subscriptions," I ventured.

"Well," said Mr. Morris, "I thought the list ought to have a good start."

In a few minutes Mr. Lauder came out and lighted his pipe. He seemed glad to see both of us again and spoke of the delightful time he had in Topeka.

This is about all for the first evening with Lauder in New York on this trip. This article is written in New York on Saturday, May 18, for Monday's paper, and must catch the 11 o'clock mail to reach Topeka on time.

This means that this chapter will be split about fifty-fifty. The second installment will appear as Chapter X in the paper for tomorrow. I will be home that day from a hurried trip to Philadelphia as a delegate to the great "Win the War for Permanent Peace" meetings, which extended over two days and covered mornings, afternoons and nights. It was an inspiring gathering. Every note militant: The war must be fought to a finish and fought with every resource of men, means and money—win the war for permanent peace. There were several thousand delegates and the largest hotel was obliged to refuse one thousand applicants for rooms. William Howard Taft presided and Taft is a genius at presiding and at whatever he undertakes. His popularity is surprising and well earned. It is worth a trip to Philadelphia to hear the Taft chuckle, to observe his good humor and sit under the inspiration of his words and actions. He received a tremendous ovation on many of the occasions at this convention.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER X.

Two Evenings in New York With Harry Lauder—II.

The writer was a guest at the Friars' club on the evening of April 28 last at a complimentary dinner to William Morris at "The Monastery," 110 West 48th street, New York City. He had often heard of this organization, but never before been fortunate enough to be asked within its precincts. The abbot, the president, is George M. Cohan.

I was invited by a friend on the committee of arrangements, of which Daniel Frohman was a member. The club is made up in the main of actors, artists and writers, and is unique.

At this dinner Harry Lauder was the chief attraction. The speakers were James W. Gerard, ex-ambassador to Germany; Richard E. Enright, police commissioner of New York; Harry Lauder and Herbert Kaufman. There were about 250 covers. Among those at the head table were the actors, William Gillette and Walker Whiteside, Walter Scott, the manufacturer of printing presses, and Commodore William B. Franklin of the navy. There were round tables, each seating ten. At each plate was a paper Scotch cap with the colors of a tartan and marked with the compliments of Harry Lauder. Each guest put on one of these caps when he took his seat. The effect was novel.

The menu card was almost as large as a sheet of music and was printed in colors. The title page gave a good likeness of William Morris, but represented his body in the shape of a horseshoe magnet with the inscription below it, "A Vaudeville MAG$^{net}_{nate}$

He Attracts All the Stars." Harry Lauder in miniature was pictured in kiltie costume on the end of Morris's uplifted hand, looking like a small goddess of liberty in a blaze of light, indicating, I presume, that Lauder was

HARRY M. LAUDER

The Prince of Song and Cheer

the star of the first magnitude in the Morris galaxy.

At my table were my friend, G. F. Gladfelter, general manager of the Louisville, Ky., Herald; Robert LeRoy Ripley, an artist whose cartoons frequently appear in the Kansas City

Star; Jess Dandy, who played in Topeka in "The Prince of Pilsen" some years ago at Mr. Crawford's opera house.

One page of the menu card represented a friar looking at a placard reading: "This is a Meatless Day." He is holding in his hand a newspaper whose big headlines read, "Food Will Win the War, Conserve It. Keep in Mind the Big Idea that the Wheatless and Meatless Meals we Eat today are Simply to Avoid 'Mealless' Days in the Future."

Here is what we had to eat:

MENU.

SUGGESTED BY FOOD ADMINISTRATOR, HERBERT L. HOOVER.

Grape Fruit
(The proof of conservation is in the eating.)

Celery Almonds Olives
(Use more salt and you'll want less sugar)

Cream of Asparagus
(Shorten your shortening—win the war)

Filet of Lemon Sole, Lucille
Bermuda Potatoes
(We save by serving—the right things)

Sweet Breads
New String Beans
(Clean your plate completely.)

Roast Plover, Currant Jelly
(One of Mr. Hoover's specials)

Cold New Asparagus Vinaigrette
(It is Treason to waste.)

Fresh Strawberry Mousse
Corn Flour Sponge Cake
(Food Thrift helps the cause.)

Coffee Cigars

This Menu—uses perishables five times, saves sugar five times, saves wheat five times.

Can you tell how?

You might have had Roast Beef instead of Plover, White Bread instead of Rye Bread, Double Crust Pie instead of Strawberry Mousse. But you didn't—See how much you saved?

Ambassador Gerard made his usual interesting speech, full of patriotism and inside facts about the ruthlessness and duplicity of the Germans.

"The Germans have no sense of humor," said he. "At the theaters, their plays are scenes of murder, suicide, death and destruction."

It was the night when Kemmel Hill was taken.

"The danger of the world tonight," said he, "is at Kemmel Hill, only forty miles from Ostend on the English channel.

"The Germans had a dream," he continued, "that they must keep the coast of Flanders, as they said, 'for our future war with England and America. In two months we can starve England, add the British fleet to our

WILLIAM MORRIS

A VAUDEVILLE MAGNET NATH

"He Attracts All the Stars."

own and sail to America, collect from that rich, fat and powerful nation the cost of this entire war.' This was the dream of Von Tirpitz. That is the danger tonight. We can't end the war now, we must fight on. Keep our

hearts high, take a death grip for the world and no compromise. To Halifax with the Germans. They shall not win."

Harry Lauder at the Friar's Club.

Police Commissioner Enright, praising the police under him and the city in which he lived, said: "We have the cleanest, safest, most decent city beneath the flag. There are 11,000 policemen in New York City. One in twenty of them have gone into the service, and one in ten may go in."

Harry Lauder made the same great, gripping war speech that he made in Topeka. It thrilled the hearers at the Friars' club just as it did the audience

at the Grand Opera house in Topeka.

The club that night was a blaze of bunting; the atmosphere one of intense patriotism, earnestness, hope and confidence, expressing determination to sacrifice and serve and win.

The train for Washington and Topeka was due to leave a half hour after midnight. A half hour before midnight, after the speeches were over and when arrangements were under way for some additional entertainment I went up to the head table to say good-bye to Mr. Lauder. He had come in with the other speakers after the rest of us had been seated. I had not spoken to him and he did not know that I was there.

When I put my hand across the table, he shook it, but looked at me for a full ten seconds without saying a word, then he said:

"Why, it's Frank, isn't it?" with a Scotch burr that can not be put into type. William Morris was standing up near him and there was more or less informality during intermission.

"Mr. Morris," said Mr. Lauder, "here is our friend, Frank MacLennan of Topeka." Daniel Frohman, who was sitting by, also was cordial. I had met Mr. Frohman several times before. Once when he sent Margaret Anglin to Topeka to appear in "Green Stockings," he told the advance man that he would like to have the State Journal man meet Miss Anglin, and her husband, after the play. He did so. This leads up to a remark that I made to Mr. Frohman at the Friars' club at that witching hour:

"Mr. Frohman, if you send any more green stockings out to Topeka, I wish you would let me know." All three laughed and there were hasty good-byes, a taxi was caught to the hotel and to the train.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER X—EXTRA.

An Afternoon in Topeka With Harry Lauder.

This chapter appears as an addendum to the two chapters preceding it and may be classed as Exhibit A, detailing an incident when Lauder and the writer were together at 2 a. m. one night in New York, and with a reference to the time when the Scotch bard undertook to teach the author to sing. These incidents are revealed in an address of welcome made by Mr. MacLennan when Lauder was a guest of the Rotary club at Topeka in March, 1918.

Mr. MacLennan said:

"Mr. President, Fellow Rotarians and Fellow Topekans:

"I am mighty glad to be here today to give, at President Bennett's request, a few preliminary words of welcome to our distinguished visitor. Mr. Bennett will make the real speech of the glad hand.

"This day reminds me of old times with Harry Lauder and I want you to pronounce the name right. Don't use the German pronunciation, which is a noisy one. Remember that in praising a man you laud him; that is the way Laud-er is pronounced. We cannot help lauding Harry Lauder and you don't need to be boisterous about it.

"Mr. Lauder and I have a right to have a good time when we get together. We belong to the same clan. Mr. Lauder's full name is Henry MacLennan Lauder.

"Harry Lauder once tried to teach me how to sing. On another occasion we had a very enjoyable time together between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning. This, of course, was at a place where the prohibitory law was not in force. Mr. Lauder has been on the water wagon a long time; and so have I.

"Dinna ye ken this?

"These statements will probably be news to most of my brother Rotarians, a majority of whom probably never knew that I ever led such a double life. What I say to you, of course, is in strict confidence, just between us. Still upon more mature reflection for the moment, I do not know that Harry Lauder or myself have ever done anything in each other's presence that we are ashamed of.

"I used to dress in kilts like Mr. Lauder's costume today, or at least my mother used to dress me that way when I was 4 years old, and the only painted portrait my wife has of myself is one my mother had painted when I appeared in these clothes. While I seldom get cold feet my knees I think would get chilly if I exposed them like our visitor does in his raiment today.

"Do you want to know about this singing lesson? I'll tell ye how it happened. Ye see, Mr. Lauder's mother, or 'mither,' as he would say it, was a MacLennan. When I was in London with him just a year before this dreadful war broke out, Mr. Lauder had been trying with indifferent success to make me sing.

"And do ye know how it happened that I quit taking singing lessons from Mr. Lauder and woke up to the fact that the teacher had an impossible pupil? It was like this:

"I was trying to sing, say—'well r-r-roughtly speaking'—for aboot quarter of an hour when I was awakened by the wee kettle singing to the 'tea-pot on the hob.' It dawned upon me that the tea-kettle could beat me all hollow singing and that I was not in it even with a steam siren.

"Mrs. MacLennan and I were in the audience at the Palace theater in London when Mr. Lauder was trying to get me to sing along with the rest of the audience and join with him in the chorus of 'Roaming in the Gloaming.' Of course, Mr. Lauder has a habit of giving these instructions to his audience—it is one of his ways.

"At this time Mr. Lauder was appearing before his English audiences along with Madame Pavlowa, but I assure you I did not go to see the madame; I went to hear Harry.

"If you never knew that Mr. Lauder

was a singing master, you go to the Grand Opera house this afternoon or tonight and you will discover that he is a real master of song. While he sings you do not have that far away look you sometimes have at a concert, trying to figure out just what the vocalist has in view. He sings to the heart. He is in the 'cheering up' business and he is certainly a success at it.

"Last season when he lost his fine, brave son in this world struggle for freedom, Mr. Lauder came pretty nearly leaving the stage, but what a loss it would have been had he done so! He was persuaded to resume his work as a duty rather than from inclination.

"Mr. Lauder is a good man. While I was in England he went over to Bristol one Sunday and filled a pulpit there most acceptably in one of the churches in that English town.

"Mr. Lauder may have forgotten some of these incidents, but I haven't forgotten them.

"The way we happened to be together during the 'wee sma' hours of the morning was like this: It was in New York seven or eight years ago. Mr. Lauder was scheduled to appear at the Manhattan opera house and his ship was due to arrive that morning, but the Carpathia, which I think was the name of it, was late and had not reached port at 8 o'clock when the large audience was assembled in that immense theater. The entertainment was late beginning, but no apology was made. About 8:30 a vaudeville number was put on. Then followed one sort of a stunt after another until about 10:00, when the audience was wild for the appearance of Mr. Lauder. The manager of the theater came before the curtain and said that Mr. Lauder's steamer had been delayed but at that time had been sighted from Fire Island and that he would surely appear before that audience that night. Meanwhile the manager asked their indulgence while they proceeded to entertain the audience as best they could until the arrival of the star.

"After more numbers, there was another curtain speech, announcing that Mr. Lauder's ship was in quarantine and that arrangements had been made to whisk him in an automobile direct from the dock to the theater.

"Meanwhile, all the theaters and

places of amusement along Broadway and in the theatrical district were emptied—their plays were over, and the management of the Manhattan was bringing in the features of these different shows, putting them on the stage to hold the audience, which was larger at 11:30 than it was at 8 o'clock and with standing room at a premium.

"About 12 o'clock the late Mr. Fitzsimmons came on the stage and made a talk, saying that he had just arrived from Boston and that his friend the manager had said to him as he registered at the hotel: 'Bob, we have a great audience at the Manhattan theater to hear Harry Lauder, but he has not yet arrived. We want you to come over and pull off some sort of a stunt to hold the people. For Heaven's sake do so Bob.' So Mr. Fitzsimmons made his talk.

"About 12:30 it was announced from the stage that Mr. Lauder's ship had docked and that he would be at the opera house in a few minutes and would surely sing before the audience that night.

"At 1:00 a. m., Lauder, in one costume that he had gotten out of his trunks, walked out on the stage, put his grip on the platform and began pulling off his gloves. The audience rose en masse and gave him an ovation. He explained his delay, expressed regret at the disappointment of the audience, said his scenery was still on ship board, that his 'Hielan' band of bagpipers was not able to be present and that he had come to do the best he could under the circumstances. He explained to his audience that another performance, properly set with scenery and his own company, would be given the next evening. He delighted that audience until quite 2 o'clock in the morning. I heard him in both of the performances. It is just as much a treat to hear him at 2 o'clock in the morning in New York as it is in Topeka at more seasonable hours.

"To show you how a man can miss an opportunity, which knocks, as Ingalls says, only once at a man's door: Some years ago, Mr. Lauder knowing that I was in the audience, sent word to me to come behind the scenes at the end of the performance. I didn't go because the invitation came from

his press agent, and being in the newspaper business I sort of shy at press agents, and I was doubtful whether Mr. Lauder himself had really asked to see me.

"The next day after he had left town, he sent me a message saying he was very much disappointed that he had not met me, as his 'mither' was a MacLennan, and telling me that the next time I had an opportunity to hear him I must surely come up behind the stage and let him talk to me. But before that message I never knew that Mr. Lauder and myself had mothers of blessed memory of the same name. I am surely delighted to voice Mr. Lauder the best welcome Topeka can offer.

"Speaking of these MacLennans, in the olden times, several hundred years ago, they were not all the best sort; in fact, when I was once walking along the streets of Inverness (my father was born there on the River Ness in the Highlands of Scotland) one Sunday afternoon, reading the signs, I discovered that the MacLennans were as thick there as the Johnsons and Smiths are in Topeka. I had counted ninety-five MacLennans in the Inverness city directory. Some were lawyers, some merchants, some blacksmiths, some were in the livery business and one or two I regret to say kept public houses. But Mr. Lauder and myself have tried to live down a few of the shortcomings of our ancient ancestry.

"Mr. Lauder has a message for you, a brave, noble, deep, sympathetic message, and I know you will be inspired to hear him for he speaks as well as he sings and that is saying much.

"Until today, altho I have been in audiences before Harry Lauder many times, I never met him personally. This is, of course, unfortunate for both of us; I have no doubt Mr. Lauder feels this as deeply as I do and regrets that we have not more intimately touched each other; and I want to say in passing that the amounts that I have willingly paid to hear Mr. Lauder these many times run up into quite a sum. His 'touch' is impressive, like his voice.

"He is a thrifty man like the Scotch are said to be. When one of the Rotarians, a few minutes ago, asked Mr. Lauder if he would not sing as a

solo the words the Rotarians were singing that he wrote and to which he set the music: 'Ah,' said the wily Harry, 'I'll do my singing at the opera house this afternoon and this evening.'

"I am sure that the Rotarians and we Topekans welcome Harry Lauder with the fullness of our hearts, and are glad that he favors us this noon at this gathering and in two events later in the day."

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XI.

"Uncle Joe," 82 Years Young.

In view of the big drive on this week in Topeka and all over the country, the author of these chapters had intended to make this chapter on "The Red Cross," altho the original table of contents called for two other chapters before the one on "Uncle Joe."

However, certain cuts that were expected to go with the Red Cross story have failed to arrive from Washington, so the Red Cross chapter will have to go over until the next issue or possibly later.

Hon. Joseph G. Cannon of Danville, Ill., popularly known as "Uncle Joe," is still an important and active factor in congress. Altho he lacks the prestige and power he held for so many years as the speaker of the house of representatives, as a member he is today most frequently consulted about legislation, takes an active part in the debates on the floor, shirks no duty in his committee work, is on hand with regularity at the opening of the sessions, day by day, and is careful not to miss roll calls. In fact, "Uncle Joe," who reached the age of 82 this month, is more industrious, more energetic and more truly representative of his district and country than many a younger man in the halls of congress.

This is written from personal knowledge and observation; for upon leaving New York for home on April 28, I reached Washington early on the following day, which was Monday, and remained at the capital city until 6 o'clock that evening.

For the last ten years I have been

fond of "Uncle Joe," and in that respect did differ from some political partisans in Kansas. It may be remembered that ten years ago there appeared in the State Journal four separate articles upon the subject of this sketch. It told the truth and it gave the western reader a new idea and a new conception of Cannon.

Far be it from us to set up "Uncle

"Uncle Joe."

Joe" on a pedestal; but all the same he was misunderstood. His practices as speaker were denounced by the Democrats and certain Republicans joined in the hue and cry. He was called a "czar." The Republicans were in power then. When the Democrats came in they found that they had to pursue Cannon's methods in order to get anything done. When 25,000 or

more bills are thrown into the hopper at one session by congressmen, it is apparent that there must be some strong rules to sift these bills and an exercise of more or less arbitrary authority about them or congress would accomplish nothing. There was no time to even read all the bills, and certainly none to consider them, even hastily.

While the Democrats denounced "Uncle Joe" when they might make political capital out of it, they followed his methods when the majority rule was given to them and they were held accountable for results.

I was by no means alone then, nor am I now in holding a sort of special admiration for the venerable man, altho I have naturally not always agreed with him. Still in order to like "Uncle Joe," you do not necessarily have to agree with him, politically.

One of the finest tributes ever delivered in the house of representatives by any one was an eloquent speech by the Hon. Champ Clark when he was simply a member and "Uncle Joe" speaker. This tribute was paid by the man who was to be speaker later to the man who was speaker then, some years since on one of the birthday anniversaries of Mr. Cannon.

"Uncle Joe's" personal friends were quite as likely to be Democrats as they were Republicans, and it is so today.

Congressman Anthony and I drifted into "Uncle Joe's" room a few days

ago just about noon when the house was coming together. We found L. W. Busby, who for so many years has been Mr. Cannon's secretary, still in charge. He said: "Mr. Cannon has gone into the house, but I think will return to his room in a few minutes after roll call."

The visitors sat down. The ex-speaker came in shortly and sprightly, looking fine and apparently as alert as ever, greeting us both cordially.

After a few commonplaces I said, and meant it: "Mr. Cannon, you look to me about as strong and vigorous as you did ten years ago."

Mr. Cannon evidently takes good care of himself. He still likes a smoke and offered me one.

I have enjoyed, what is declared to be by many who do not know him very well, the rare opportunity of seeing "Uncle Joe" when he was not smoking. Some people think that "Uncle Joe" goes to bed with a cigar and gets up with one. I have never seen him asleep. The reader may question this remark, but bear it in mind that things appearing in these chapters are set down as the truth.

Pretty soon there was a call of the house and Mr. Cannon excused himself and went back into the hall, the visitors remaining for a few minutes to talk with Busby about his visit to Topeka and Kansas some years ago and other things. Here an interesting incident happened:

A messenger came in bearing an unwrapped box about eighteen inches long, fifteen inches wide, and twelve inches deep. He gave it to Mr. Busby with the remark that it was for Mr. Cannon. Mr. Busby placed it on a desk nearby. It was a beautiful thing, of polished mahogany with brass inlaid corners, and on top a brass plate engraved as follows:

"Uncle Joe" Cannon
82 Years Young
When Greek meets Greek
Then comes the Tug of War
When Friend meets Friend
They Smoke a Good Cigar
With Kind Thoughts
Frederick C. Hicks
191x

All three of us were interested. We opened the lid. It is beautifully lined with aluminum. The lining was hollow. It was a humidor, for conditioning cigars and tobacco.

Frederick C. Hicks enjoys the distinction of representing the Oyster Bay district of New York. It is Congressional District No. 1. When Colonel Roosevelt desires to communicate with his congressman he writes a letter to Hicks. Hicks is a banker and well-fixed. He likes Mr. Cannon —that must go without saying—or he could not have presented the handsome, expensive humidor with the inscription thereon to his friend, a fellow congressman.

The next week, May 7, was Uncle Joe's birthday. The writer had re-

turned a week before, but he sent a message of congratulations to the man who on that day was 82 years, young. Here's the letter that came in response to that message:

House of Representatives U. S.
Washington, D. C., May 8, 1918.

Dear Mr. MacLennan: I received your telegram of congratulations yesterday and thank you for remembering me. I was sorry not to have a longer visit with you when here last week, but when you come again I will try to have Brother Hicks's humidor stocked so as to tempt you to remain for a smoke and chat.

Please give my very best regards to Mrs. MacLennan and the daughter, and next time bring them with you so that we may have a visit at home.

As ever with respect,

J. G. CANNON.

Frank P. MacLennan,
Topeka, Kansas.

Thus ends Chapter XI. Chapter XII next.

CHAPTER XII.

The Red Cross.

YOUR CROSS AND MY CROSS.

Your boy and my boy,
And how they go today
From your home and my home
To the trenches far away!
Brave lads and true lads
They never think of fear;
Young men and strong men—
We hold them all so dear;
And the one cross, the Red Cross, the cross
for me and you
Will succor them in every land 'neath the
red and white and blue.

Your heart and my heart
Throb as tho to break.
While your hands and my hands
Garments of comfort make.
Your thoughts and my thoughts
Follow them each day;
To your God and my God
For them we fondly pray;
And the one cross, the Red Cross, the cross
for me and you
Will succor them in every land 'neath the
red and white and blue.

Your food and my food
We now must guard and save,
That "Your Flag and my Flag"
May ever proudly wave.
Your Gold and my Gold,
Of it we freely give,
That your son and my son
In foreign climes may live;
And the one cross, the Red Cross, the cross
for me and you
Will succor them in every land 'neath the
red and white and blue.

—By Emma Finty Cox.

On last Saturday's mild, sunny afternoon the writer witnessed a most inspiring parade on New York City's beautiful Fifth avenue. There were 70,000 marching in the line, which required three hours to pass the point at the reviewing stand occupied by President and Mrs. Wilson at Twenty-

fifth street, at Madison Square where Fifth avenue crosses Broadway.

In that parade, aside from fifty bands at various intervals, a few wounded veterans—French soldiers and sailors—practically the entire long procession was of women, young, middle aged and elderly, each a Red Cross worker and every one dressed in spotless white.

They marched, in step, fifteen abreast with a captain between the platoons, which were probably eighteen feet apart.

I watched the wonderful spectacle for an hour, and when obliged to leave about five o'clock, looked up Fifth avenue to the distant hill at the twin spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and as far as the eye could reach there was one moving mass of white in the procession, pushing toward us near the stand.

The costume of the Red Cross workers was a white dress, a white headpiece and white shoes. Some of the nurses carried individual flags, some small Red Cross banners, some wore the Red Cross on the helmet, others bore a ribbon of red, white and blue across the platoon, the three colored band held by the marchers at the height of their hands.

In order that the reader may not become confused, perhaps an explanation is due: The writer spent the last week in April in New York City with one day in Washington, as detailed in the last chapter. He came home May 1. Thru an urgent invitation from Former President Taft, and others, and the appointment by Governor Capper as a delegate to the "Win the War for Permanent Peace" convention in Philadelphia last week, the writer suddenly returned to the east, leaving Topeka Monday evening,

May 13, spending Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening, May 15, 16 and 17, in Philadelphia, including three hours in Washington on the morning of the 15th, and leaving Philadelphia at midnight Friday, spending Saturday and Sunday last, May 18 and 19, in New York City, returning to Topeka Tuesday morning of this week.

While this chapter refers to what happened last Saturday, the chapters before this and several to follow will cover incidents which took place during the last week in April. Several other chapters may cover days interesting to me in Philadelphia last week.

Last Saturday was a great day for New York and for the Red Cross. President Wilson himself walked at the head of the procession, later going to the reviewing stand. The president was given one tremendous ovation after another. It was difficult to get near enough to the parade to see it; but your reporter was certainly fortunate in the end. There were policemen stationed for miles about every forty or fifty feet, sometimes closer, and the street on Fifth avenue was kept absolutely free from curb to curb, and almost from building to building, as only those who came early or got thru were able to even walk on the Fifth avenue sidewalk. The crowd was kept back entirely off from the street and blocked off with ropes and policemen at all the intersections. Of course the windows and balconies of the buildings, and some of these were twenty stories high, were filled with spectators. Those who came hours before the parade started, secured free seats on the wooden bleachers constructed for that purpose. These seats and all the windows were taken early.

The Red Cross Building at Washington.

Of course, I was most anxious to see. I made an effort to get thru the lines once; told the policeman that I was reporting the parade, and here is the report; gave him my card He asked if I had a star and police permit as a reporter. I had not. He then said: "I cannot let you thru. If I did, other policemen would stop you every forty or fifty feet along the line."

I appealed to another policemen who said this, in reply to my question as to how to get thru the crowd and get near the line of march: "You tell them you have got important business and go thru." But that didn't work. Another plan must be evolved.

I got in on Madison Square park at the back of the tall bleacher seats, which were about nine feet high. Watching the opportunity, I asked a man near me if he would not give me a lift "by the hind leg," which in this case was my right one. I bent my knee at right angles and he gave me a boost till I was able to grab one of the braces, then another one and in a few minutes I was up to the top.

The next thing was to go "over." I stood there for quite a while. Nearby was a man in uniform. I thought at first he was a policeman as I looked at him aslant, but soon discovered from his uniform that he was an ensign in the navy, a spectator.

I asked a lady on the top seat if she would not move over a minute. She did so and, going "over the top" I found myself standing on the upper row, directly opposite the reviewing stand.

Of course, whenever the colors went by we civilians, if sitting, arose and took off our hats, the soldiers holding the palm touching the brim at salute.

There was a foreigner standing near me who did not remove his hat when

a large flag went by at the head of one of the divisions.

Said the ensign: "Take off your hat," grabbing it and throwing it on the footplank.

A few minutes later the flag went by again and still the foreigner kept on his hat. The ensign, by this time quite indignant, said: "Take off your hat. Don't you know that when the colors go by you should stand up and remove your hat?"

The young foreigner, who appeared ignorant rather than at all disloyal, jerked off his hat in a hurry and thereafter he was bareheaded when the flag went by, which was pretty often.

Being on the inside, I discovered there were some liberties, so I stepped down one tier of seats after another until I got to the sidewalk. Here we were permitted to walk along and I walked for blocks on the avenue watching the wonderful parade.

Here are some of the inscriptions describing the orders or clubs from which the Red Cross workers came:

"St. Augustine's Chapel."
"Grace M. E. Church"
"Fort Washington Church"
"New York Life Insurance Co."
"Broadway Tabernacle Church"
"Harlem Branch Y. W. C. A."
"The Childs Company"
Etc. Etc.

In New York on that night, last Saturday night, President Wilson opened the campaign with a thrilling speech at the Metropolitan opera house. There was not the ghost of a chance for any stranger to get in. Thousands were refused admission because there were no seats in that immense auditorium, space in which was practically reserved for only Red Cross committees and the Red Cross organization. New York City's quota of the

hundred million fund now in process of securing, is $25,000,000, and that night as I read, not heard, every one present contributed $25 or more to the fund, aggregating $200,000.

It was on that occasion that the president made his famous epigram: "Why limit the sending of Americans to France to 5,000,000?"

The Wednesday before, that is a week ago yesterday, while in Washington three hours, I spent almost all of the time with Carroll B. Merriam in the wonderful new classic white marble Red Cross building at Washington, now used as National headquarters, and erected by the government and private donors.

This building, erected as a monument to the Red Cross, was completed in May, 1917, at a total cost, including grounds, of $800,000. Of this sum the United States congress appropriated one-half, and four individual donors the other half. Special interior decorations were furnished by a single donor. A beautiful design is shown in a $10,000 gift for the memorial windows; one-half by the Woman's Relief Corps, and one-half by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. On the other hand, a beautiful tribute is expressed in dedicating the building to the Women of the North and the Women of the South by a United Country. This building is more than a monument; it is a practical office building as well.

C. B. Merriam, who was recently called to Washington to serve, has an office in this wonderful building pictured on this page. He is working hard with pleasure. His special duties are: That of selecting men to act as field directors and assistant field directors in our American camps and naval stations—there being now upward of 50 of such in this country,

requiring in each camp and naval station a personnel from five to fifteen men.

Thru various agencies, word has gone out for the need of high grade first class men to represent Red Cross in this important and necessary work; consequently, men are coming daily to Washington from all over the United States to look into the nature of the work, and a very considerable portion of his time is taken up in interviewing these men and determining if, in his judgment, they qualify for the positions. His department is, also, able to assist quite materially in recommending to the bureau of personnel for overseas service, men who are especially fitted for that work.

At the Red Cross meeting in Topeka today noon, State Chairman Cobb said that there was some misapprehension about the Red Cross and the disposition of the funds. He said the remark had been made to him the other day to this effect: "I understand that only 25 per cent of the money we contribute goes to Red Cross work." Mr. Cobb said he was tracing this down to its source, saying we must fight the Hun here as well as in France.

Here is what I learned:

All of the money we contribute goes specifically to Red Cross relief, all administration expense is much more than defrayed from membership fees. By virtue of interest on bank deposits for every dollar contributed, $1.02 has been spent for relief work. Every penny is working to win the war.

Almost without exception the important posts in the administration of the Red Cross are filled by men and women accustomed to large personal affairs, who are absolutely giving their time and service to its work. Of those who receive salaries the large propor-

tion are working for reduced compensation.

Henry Allen of Kansas is in France working for the Red Cross without salary and paying his own expenses.

The object of this campaign in which Topeka and the whole country are engaged this week, and which brings the workers here together for service among the people and together at such as today's inspiring noon-day meeting at the Chamber of Commerce, at which it was announced Topeka had secured $68,300 of her $75,000 quota, is to raise a second war fund of one hundred million dollars, but beyond, also, to tell the American people the story of the Red Cross.

No matter where we stand, or how we serve, we are a part of the greatest, most far-reaching voluntary organization in the world. Nothing to compare with it has developed in modern civilization. To be a part of it is a lasting decoration.

Germany is not beaten. In territory, men, population and slaves she has gained, and lost nothing but blood and the respect of the civilized world. For us to win will demand every ounce of possible strength.

Vital as are armament, ammunition, ships, aeroplanes—all the stupendous furnishings of a conflict—there is one indefinable, incalculable thing that none of them can assure—it is the immortal thing that makes arms invincible—that wins in the face of hunger, pain, death itself—the spirit that we call morale—that springs from consciousness of right coupled with confidence, buoyancy and consequent courage.

The American Red Cross is not a government department; it is a relief organization with government sanction, and, as such, assists the army and navy whenever called upon to help care for the wounded and suffering.

It is the world's international ideal of mercy. It knows no bounds of racial, religious or political separation. Wherever and whenever war, pestilence, storm, flood or disaster has wrought suffering, want or distress, there it has gone and brought relief, and the ready hand of unselfish aid.

Its first efforts were in Great Britain during the Crimean war when Florence Nightingale was sent by the war office in 1854 to the hospitals of Scutari. When Miss Nightingale, with thirty-eight other nurses, reached Scutari, she found pest houses rather than hospitals, with open sewers beneath the buildings. Contagions were taking men by the thousand. She was most successful and the world at war sees the great sequel of her work today.

In 1864 an international conference of fourteen nations was held in Geneva, Switzerland, the outcome of which was the Treaty of Geneva, organizing the International Red Cross.

It was here decided that the emblem of service common to all nations should be a cross of red on a field of white, which is the Swiss flag with the colors reversed, and was adopted in recognition of the fact that Doctor Dunant, head of conference, was Swiss and that the Red Cross was founded at Geneva.

In the United States during the Civil war, the United States Sanitary commission was organized to assist the Army Medical bureau in preserving and restoring the health and securing the general comfort of the soldiers.

In a nutshell, it is to be said: A Red Cross organization was incorporated in the District of Columbia in July, 1881, under the name of "The American Association of the Red Cross," of which Miss Clara Barton was president. In June, 1900, the American Red Cross was incorporated by act of congress. A new charter issued in 1905. The present charter provides for a permanent governing body called the Central Committee, numbering eighteen persons.

The American Red Cross is now national in its scope, and standing, and numbers in the United States approximately thirty-five hundred chapters, fifteen thousand branches, and numbering in adult members twenty-two millions. With a junior membership of several million school children. This American Red Cross represents the great producing force of the Red Cross during the war.

President Wilson is its president,, not as is often thought, by virtue of his office as president of the United States, but by election of the central committee. Representatives of the state, treasury, war, justice and navy departments are members of the central committee.

William H. Taft, former president, is chairman of the central committee of the Red Cross.

All Red Cross accounts are audited by the war department and an annual report is made to congress by the secretary of war.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Red Cross.—II.

Yesterday's Chapter XII on the Red Cross was too long, but an effort was made to get the entire story in one chapter

Today, however, a number of readers have kindly expressed their satisfaction at yesterday's Red Cross article, saying that it contained information that was new to them; that they had a better idea now of the great institution and were more willing than ever to contribute of their means to the Red Cross; that they

would like an additional presentation of the same subject today.

The motto of the State Journal is: "We Strive to Please." If there is anything within reason our readers want, and the staff and this organization have the ability to produce it, we must all do the best we can to carry out the precept in the motto.

In the Red Cross parade last Saturday, which the writer witnessed as detailed in the previous chapter, there were more than 70,000 in line instead of 30,000 as the types made it yesterday and it took six hours to pass.

The President headed the procession and walked two miles with it.

At the reviewing stand at Twenty-third street and Madison Square there was some disappointment when Mrs. Wilson took her seat in front and below the large spread eagle, with the President not in evidence.

The explanation came later:

Between Sixty-eighth and Sixty-seventh streets the head of the procession, which had made its way down from Eightieth street, came to a sudden stop. A big automobile surrounded by a corps of police slipped in upon the avenue, the President stepped out and took his place in line.

As one New York paper expressed it:

The President proceeded down the avenue to the tune of an ovation such as New York is said never to have given him since his entrance into public life.

The cheers that rang out to him, a daring figure in the foreground of the 70,000 persons who followed him, were cheers of such deep admiration that their meaning could not be mistaken.

On every side, in the throngs of men and women who gazed at him with sparkling eyes, there was the manifest conviction that "he had the country with him."

Bowing frequently to the right and left, President Wilson appeared by the expression of enthusiasm and pleasure on his face to find the experience every bit as thrilling as did the spectators.

For the thousands of the city and visitors who had never seen the President, this was an opportunity for which their gratitude knew no bounds.

If the cares of a world were on his shoulders, for the moment he seemed to shake them off to greet the people as a man would greet his fellow men. The erect carriage and the gleam of leadership in his eyes were the only indications of a man of great responsibilities, but otherwise he revealed himself as an American citizen who had taken this day off for the enjoyment of a patriotic holiday with other American citizens.

From the windows of the high buildings, where men and women were heavily clustered; from the sidewalks, where the spectators stood; from behind and from the front, the leader of the parade was singled out in a moment as the "President of the United States."

Boy Scouts took up the cry and ran down the avenue with it, announcing his approach to the crowds far below, who could not believe that it could really be true. But they saw him soon with their own eyes, and when they saw him they cheered with all the strength that was in them. The air became a cloud of waving flags, streamers, hats and handkerchiefs, thru the bewildering maze of which walked the President of the United States, laughing, always laughing, at the continued outburst of enthusiasm which his presence evoked.

The ovation was repeated all the way down the avenue to the grand stand at Twenty-third street. Here the acclaim of the President reached a height unprecedented at any point in the parade. His appearance was strangely unattended by any outburst of music, but the cheers would have drowned all music out. The President was evidently greatly pleased by the hearty greeting of thousands of men and women. To the right and the left he bowed and waved his acknowledgments, after which he took his place in the reviewing stand, with Mayor Hylan at his right and Mrs. Wilson and Governor Whitman at his left.

The President's interest was concentrated upon the procession before him, and when anything particularly striking caught his attention he invariably pointed it out to Mrs. Wilson. Upon him, as upon every one else in the stand, the parade of the Red Cross made the deepest impression.

After the spectators had been made to feel what the Red Cross stood for by the presence of such an army of determined women in line, who had thrown themselves into its cause with all the devotion that was in them, it was hardly necessary to tell them that they "should give."

The women who marched on Fifth avenue revealed a certain enthusiasm and determination, which often evoked

the awe of the spectators. Here were women who had responded to the call for service with all the heroism of men who go forth to the fire and shell of the front.

Unit after unit swing past the grand stand, with the red flare of the nurse's cape exposed to the sun, over a blue background, making a picture of womanhood born to great deeds of sacrifice.

It mattered little whether they were the field nurses about to go abroad for active service, or the auxiliary units of the Red Cross composed of the white-clad and white-veiled women who do their bit at home by knitting the socks and sweaters for the soldiers or by caring for the families of the soldiers at the front, they were all a part of America's great line of second defense, completely mobilized in soul and spirit to bolster up that first line at the front with every breath of energy that was in them.

Better proof of the fact could not be had than the subtle gleam which flashed from their eyes as they turned their heads to pass the President of the United States—a gleam which carried a pledge of allegiance to the cause for which this nation stood.

I could not help thinking how wonderfully effective was the management of the New York parade. The whole Fifth avenue pavement, like ours, from curb to curb was kept free of any one except those in the line. The result was that every one could see and no bystanders crowded up to the marchers as is so often done on Kansas avenue in Topeka, marring the beauty of any parade and depriving from view of parade those on the sidewalks, which in Topeka are often nearly vacant, with the crowd taking all of the street excepting the part thru which the procession pushes its way.

It seems a simple thing to manage a parade as New York manages it. Kansas avenue is a beautiful street for a procession; but rarely, once recently, has a spectacle shown in its effective-

ness and to the advantage of both spectator and marcher.

Let us do things right hereafter! Let the public be kept back of the curb lines and back of a line along the face of the buildings at the cross street intersections. In this way it will be better far for those who come to see and those who participate.

In his speech at the New York Metropolitan Opera house that night, the passage which was most applauded was this one: "I have heard gentlemen say recently we must get five million men ready. Why limit it to five million?"

Again he said: "If they wish peace, let them come forward and lay their terms upon the table. We have laid ours and they know what they are."

Another sentence:

"For the glory of this war, my fellow citizens, so far as we are concerned, is that it is perhaps for the first time in history an unselfish war. I could not be proud to fight for a selfish government but I can be proud to fight for mankind."

And again:

"But behind all this grim purpose, my friends, lies the opportunity to demonstrate not only force, which will be demonstrated to the utmost, but the opportunity to demonstrate character; and it is that character we have most conspicuous in the work of the Red Cross. The duty of our men in arms is the duty of force; the duty of the Red Cross is the duty of succoring and mercy and friendship."

At another time this was received with applause:

"Have you formed a picture in your imagination of what this war is doing for us and for the world? In my own mind I am convinced that not a hundred years of peace could have knitted this nation together as this single year of war has knitted it together, and better even than

that, if possible, it is knitting the world together."

"Friendship," continued the President, "is the only cement that will ever hold the world together."

"And this intimate contact of the great Red Cross with the peoples who are suffering the terrors and deprivations of this war is going to be one of the greatest instrumentalities of friendship that the world ever knew, and the centre of the heart of it all, if we sustain it properly, will be this land that we so dearly love.

"And when you give, give absolutely all that you can spare, and don't consider yourself liberal in the giving. If you give with self-adulation, you are not giving at all, you are giving to your own vanity; but if you give until it hurts then your heart-blood goes with it.

"You don't give anything to the government of the United States; it won't accept it. There is a law of congress against accepting even services without pay. The only thing that the government will accept is a loan, and duties performed; but it is a great deal better to give than to lend or to pay, and your great channel for giving is the American Red Cross.

"Down in your hearts you can't take very much satisfaction in the last analysis in lending money to the government of the United States, because the interest which you draw will burn your pockets, it is a commercial transaction, and some men have even dared to cavil at the rate of interest, not knowing the incidental commentary that constitutes upon their attitude.

"But when you give, something of your heart, something of your soul, something of yourself goes with the gift, particularly when it is given in such form that it never can come back by way of direct benefit to yourself.

"And think what we have here! We call it the American Red Cross, but it is merely a branch of a great international organization, which is not only recognized by the statutes of each of the civilized governments of the world, but it is recognized by international agreement and treaty, as the recognized and accepted instrumentality of mercy and succor.

"And one of the deepest stains that rests upon the reputation of the Germany army is that they have not respected the Red Cross.

"That goes to the root of the matter. They have not respected the instrumentality they themselves participated in setting up as the thing which no man was to touch, because it was the expression of common humanity. We are members, by being members of the American Red Cross, of a great fraternity and comradeship which extends all over the world."

The "Indian story" told by the Pres-

ident was received with great laughter and applause. Here it is:

"I heard a story told the other day that was ridiculous, but it is worth repeating, because it contains the germ of truth. An Indian was enlisted in the army. He returned to the reservation on a furlo. He was asked what he thought of it. He said: 'No much good; too much salute; not much shoot.' Then he was asked, 'Are you going back?' 'Yes.' 'Well, do you know what you are fighting for?' 'Yes, me know; fight to make whole damn world Democratic Party.' He had evidently misunderstood some innocent sentence of my own.

"But, after all, altho there is no party purpose in it, he got it right as far as the 'party'—to make the whole world democratic in the sense of community of interest and of purpose; and if you ladies and gentlemen could read some of the touching dispatches which come thru official channels, for even thru those channels there come voices of humanity that are infinitely pathetic; if you could catch some of those voices that speak the utter longing of oppressed and helpless peoples all over the world, to hear something like the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' to hear the feet of the great hosts of liberty going to set them free, to set their minds free, set their lives free, set their children free, you would know what comes into the heart of those who are trying to contribute all the brains and power they have to this great enterprise of liberty."

The Red Cross society asks for nothing on faith. It points to heroic and compassionate work in Belgium, in France, and Italy; wherever battle is joined between the forces of despotism and savagery. As it has been said, "It is a duty and should be a joy to give generously. Some can contribute very little, therefore others should give with a full hand if they can."

You may recall that "Private Peat" said: "You are quite safe in denying anything derogatory to the Red Cross before you get the proof, because the Red Cross service is above reproach."

Out of the $100,000,000 subscribed a year ago, here is where most of the money went for the Red Cross relief work: $87,000,000 was appropriated for war relief. Of this $47,000,000 went to the land of our allies; $8,500,000 went to army and navy hospitals in the United States; $2,500,000 went for supplies at home and abroad. Of the balance much was used as a working cash capital for

work in France and in the United States.

To itemize it:

United States for working capital for purchase of supplies	$15,000,000
United States	8,599,899
France	30,936,103
British Isles	3,780,875
Belgium	2,060,131
Germany (for American prisoners)	343,304
Russia	1,243,845
Poland	200,000
Rumania	2,676,368
Armenia and Syria	2,200,000
Serbia	875,100
Palestine	390,000

Up to this war the civilized world has held mercy's symbol inviolable. Before the Red Cross flag all heads have bowed; all swords have found

their sheath. But since Germany began this war nothing has been held sacred in Germany's mad lust for conquest. She has proven false to honor; broken her treaties, her most sacred obligations, laws of nations, invaded neutrals, promoted massacre, enslaved captives, plotted the basest intrigue, broken the laws of humanity, slain women and children; broken the law of God, committed murder, rape, theft and arson; filled the world with lies; sanctions and commands hideous terrors and barbarities; has put herself beyond the pale of honor for she believes that might makes right, and the sword is the supreme law.

At the noon meeting today of the Red Cross teams at the Chamber of Commerce it was announced, after the figures were added, that Shawnee county had gone over her quota with

Saturday's work ahead and with the county in general to hear from. Todays' totals were $78,100. The county quota is $78,000.

At this meeting Jack Kennedy, who was gassed at the front, unconscious for eighty-six hours and lost about half his weight and is here in Topeka recovering, said: "Had it not been for Red Cross succor we would have been dead, all of us."

A year ago Topeka over-subscribed its quota for the first $100,000,000 drive. This first $100,000,000 is nearly exhausted. The present $100,000,000 is to take its place and go on with the work. The more we subscribe in this week's drive above our quota the further off the next drive.

It's all very well for some of us to be commended for liberal contributions to the Red Cross, subscriptions to the various liberty loan bonds, to the Salvation Army, to the war councils of the Y. M. C. A., and of the Y. W. C. A., and for generous expenditures in time and labor in connection with the various war activities; but after all, the greatest contributor to war activities is the father or mother who contributes a son to the cause of world liberty and of American protection and defense.

All the dollars contributed by the well-to-do, by the rich or by any one, are not to be compared as contributions in the same class with the parents who give their own flesh and blood in their child to the great cause.

Let those of us who have no son to give be modest, with good grace, no matter what contributions in money come out of our pockets.

"Greater love," saith the prophet, "hath no man than that he lay down his life for another." Likewise the great deeds come from those who throw their lives into the balance, or who put the lives of their children into the scale; who offer a living being, a bloody sacrifice tho it may be, for the cause of the allies.

CHAPTER XIV.

Win the War for Permanent Peace.

In a small group of great American citizens, William H. Taft ranks high. He has very great popularity. His conduct as a former president of the United States is conceded to be admirable by every one who has come in contact with him since he retired five years ago, after serving the term in the high office to which he was chosen.

The activities of Mr. Taft since he left the White House have been both forceful and varied. He has shirked

William Howard Taft.

none of the duties that have come to him or have been thrust upon him. He has been a living, moving, satisfactory answer to the old, old question: "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?"

The years since March 1913 have certainly been busy ones with him. The demands upon his time and talents have been large and have been met. An instructor at Yale, his lectures to the students on practical political economy were invaluable; issued later in booklet form they became of general service to the youth and adult citizenship of the country at large.

These lectures were upon such vital topics at the time as, the Referendum, the Recall, the Initiative, the Duties of a President of the United States, his Authority and the Restrictions of the Office, etc., etc.

Three years ago he became the organizer of "The League to Enforce Peace," which has grown into a most powerful organization. He was its first president and has been re-elected to that office annually.

He has been indefatigable in the presentation of articles and the delivery of addresses upon this subject for several years, prior to and since the declaration of war against Germany. From that time, and in Mr. Taft's mind and action before that time, it became evident that to secure peace we must win the war, so that "The League to Enforce Peace" has become one of the most powerful anti-pacifist movements in the United States.

Its objects now are clearly defined and set forth by Mr. Taft to be:

To Sustain the Determination of Our People to Fight until Prussian Militarism Has Been Defeated.

To Confirm Opposition to a Premature Peace.

To Focus Attention on the Only Advantage the American People Seek to Gain from the War—Permanent Peace Guaranteed by a League of Nations.

Mr. Taft, during recent months, has gone to the various cantonments and training camps with his fine, patriotic,

entertaining and informative addresses.

A few days ago President Wilson appointed him to the important commission to adjust labor differences promptly and fairly and help labor help win the war. His headquarters are thus now at Washington. Yesterday he delivered a splendid, win-the-war address at Kansas City.

The writer has been fortunate in being with Mr. Taft many times during the last half dozen years, and cannot be insensible of the honor of such associations, which came by invitation and thru correspondence and personal touch on various occasions.

When the League to Enforce Peace was organizing, Mr. Taft asked the State Journal man to become a member of the publicity committee of the League. He thus joined in with a committee of about twenty prominent newspaper men of the country. Herbert S. Houston, vice president of the Doubleday Page company, publishers of World's Work, and innumerable books and periodicals, was made chairman of the publicity committee.

When the League held its first great convention in Washington two years ago, the writer was a delegate and took part in the interested and spirited convenings of the body. During its two days' meeting he attended as many as eight sessions, luncheons and dinners, at each of which Taft presided in his happy effectiveness.

As a presiding officer, Taft is a genius. He beats them all. He is full of good humor and his capacity, the reader knows, is large. A thin man may have a sense of humor, but Taft has it to the highest "nth" degree. He is thick, only in a physical sense; broad mentally and materially. He gets things done. He gets the dull speaker off the platform with expedition. He does this in various ways.

Once I saw him take out his watch, and hang it down from his waistcoat when a speaker who had been pulling a long bow on the audience, glancing around casually at the presiding officer for more inspiration presumably, saw that watch and the time thereon. He promptly said, "Well in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, etc.," and retired to give the right of way to the next number.

Some men are liked, others are loved by those who come in contact with them. Taft is more than liked. You can put that in your pipe, or down in your notebook.

There is always far more use for a notebook than a pipe at conventions where Taft presides. These conventions may end up with the pipe of peace, or some pink teas, but results are secured first.

Take it from me, Taft has a wonderful organization about him in connection with his activities in the League to Enforce Peace. He has the faculty of organizing, and of getting men who know how to organize and do things that must be done. Two years ago, I saw Taft, thru his lieutenants, in three hours, raise $325,000 to promote the essential and important work of the League to Enforce Peace.

This leads up to the "Win the War for Permanent Peace" convention held at Philadelphia last week and at which the author of these chapters was present as a delegate and by special invitation of the league's president.

Here is a telegram which came one morning, signed by Mr. Taft, dated New York, May 5:

"Particularly desire your presence at dinner, Bellevue-Stratford hotel, Philadelphia, Wednesday evening, May fifteenth, preceding opening 'Win the War,' convention. National and executive committees together with leaders of our movements hold important meeting to formulate definite plans for convention and coming year's work. Kindy telegraph acceptance.
"WILLIAM H. TAFT."

[Mr. Taft told, in confidence of course, the writer, and about one hundred others, who had swelled up when they received this telegram, that someone had obtained possession of his rubber stamp and sent out this wire somewhat promiscuously.]

In connection with the convention this came also:

Honorary Appointment by the Governor,
The State of Kansas.

To All to Whom These Presents Shall Come, Greeting:

KNOW YE, That I, ARTHUR CAPPER, Governor of the State of Kansas, reposing special trust in the integrity, ability and patriotism of Frank P. MacLennan, of Topeka, County of Shawnee, State of Kansas, do hereby appoint him a delegate to the convention on "Win the War for Permanent Peace" to be held under the auspices of the League to Enforce Peace, at Philadelphia May 16 and 17, 1918.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name at the City of Topeka, on this 19th day of April, A. D. 1918.

ARTHUR CAPPER, Governor.

Of course I went, altho I had been in New York the last week in April, having only returned to Topeka on May 1. I believed it was my duty, that it would be valuable to me as a citizen and newspaper man to attend the Philadelphia convention, that it would help me to do my part to win the war, altho it meant that I must double back to the Atlantic coast and be there twice within three weeks, whereas a general custom for the past twenty years has been to go to New York only about once a year on the occasion of the meetings of the Associated Press and American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Thus I left Topeka again for the east Monday evening, May 13, spending a part of the morning at Washington on May 15, Wednesday of last week, as detailed in Chapter XII of this series.

That evening found me in Philadelphia at the wonderful Taft dinner on the eve of the convention. Some things it is believed will be of interest and of value to the reader will be told in an early chapter in these columns next week, possibly Tuesday.

There will be a chapter as usual on Monday, but owing to the exigencies of the situation, Monday's chapter may appear as a sort of an intermission between the dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford the night before the convention and the doings of the convention the following day.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XV.

The Associated Press and Other News Gathering Organizations.

[NOTE—This chapter is a stenographic report of an address, or rather informal talk, made by the editor of this paper last Saturday evening at Cedarcrest farm, to his fellow members of the Saturday Night Literary club, to complete a program mapped out by the club last fall, which included a "paper" by "The Gentleman from

Melville E. Stone

Oregon" for Saturday, May 25, concluding the year's fortnightly meetings under President S. N. Hawkes. He is now succeeded by B. H. Pugh, president-elect, who assumes the duties of his office at the opening of the club's meetings next October, there being no meetings held during the summer months.

The reason for injecting this chapter on the Associated Press, as Chapter XV in the

work entitled "A Kansan in New York," is because the principal business which took the author of these chapters to New York, was the annual meeting of the Associated Press, held the fourth Tuesday of last month. It is thereby not deemed either inappropriate or improper to include this chapter in the Table of Contents of this work in question, and thereby "kill two birds with one stone," satisfy the ravenous appetite of the Saturday Night club for things literary and gastronomic, and save writing another chapter for today's paper —letting the stenographer write it. Inasmuch as no paper was written, or notes used, the stenographer is indispensable if this chapter is to be printed and preserved.]

N. B. Unless you are interested in newspapers and desire to learn more about their means and methods of collecting telegraph and cable news, this chapter, on account of its length, is a good one for the reader to skip.

While the stenographer is transcribing his notes this morning, it may entertain the reader to give herewith a copy of the little special folder issued as a special invitation and program to the members of the Saturday Night Literary club of Topeka. Here it is in fac simile:

LEAFLET—PAGE 1.

The Gentleman from Oregon

Invites

The Gentlemen

From Other States of

The Saturday Night Club

of Topeka, Kansas

To Be His Guests

at

Cedarcrest

Saturday, May 25, 1918

3 to 10 P. M.

NOTE—The gentlemen representing the several states will please provide their own

transportation. Those who have automobiles will see that those who have not are given seats in them. Preserve this card; bring it with you.

LEAFLET—PAGE 2.

MEMBERSHIP
of the
SATURDAY NIGHT LITERARY CLUB.

Name of Member.	State he represents.
AKERS, EARL	Kansas
BONE, H. J.	Tennessee
BREWSTER, S. M.	Louisiana
BUNGER, C. H.	New Jersey
BURCH, R. A.	Indiana
CAPPER, ARTHUR	Utah
CLARK, E. S.	Oklahoma
CONNELLEY, WILLIAM E.	Michigan
DAWSON, J. S.	Illinois
DEAN, J. S.	Iowa
DORAN, T. F.	California
EVANS, C. J.	Kentucky
FERRY, L. S.	New York
HAWKES, S. N.	Rhode Island
HUNGATE, OTIS	Massachusetts
LILLARD, THOMAS M.	Missouri
McCLINTOCK, O. P. M.	Vermont
McDERMOTT, G. T.	Alabama
McKEEVER, E. D.	Colorado
MACLENNAN, FRANK P.	Oregon
McNEAL, T. A.	Pennsylvania
MASON, H. F.	Wisconsin
MENNINGER, C. F.	Maine
PUGH, B. H.	Virginia
REID, A. T.	Texas
SESSIONS, CHARLES	Washington
SPALDING, J. E.	Minnesota
STONE, ROBERT	New Hampshire
THOMAS, F. W.	Arizona
WEST, J. S.	New Mexico
WOOD, O. J.	Florida

Officers for 1917-1918—S. N. Hawkes, President; Wm. E. Connelley, Secretary and Treasurer.

Officers for 1918-1919—B. H. Pugh, President; Thomas M. Lillard, Vice President; Wm. E. Connelley, Secretary and Treasurer.

LEAFLET—PAGE 3.

MENU.

Mental and Material

3 P. M. Assembly of members and guests

3:30 P. M. to 6 P. M. Sports, Olympic and otherwise

The Gentleman from Washington, referee in charge of sports.

Quoits
Horse shoes
Croquet
Roaming the hills and woods
Inspection of poultry, including white homing pigeons, pheasants, guineas and White Wyandottes

Porch parties for witnessing croquet and other games

Fishing

No more than two fish permitted to any one member. When a member catches his two fish he will be expected to turn over his pole and other tackle to the next member on the fishing line. Exception: No lid or limit on our guest the Mayor, who has enjoyed (?) hard piscatorial luck lately. All fish hooked go to the Cedarcrest larder. Three fishermen, with poles, allowed on the banks at one time. For fishing permit and munitions, consult the referee, the Gentleman from Washington.

[It developed that there were caught during the day's events seven fish—small ones. The Gentleman from Massachusetts hooked over half of them.]

6 P. M. Supper—Individual service

7:30 P. M. Literary program, including the regular order as follows:

Paper, verbal, by the Gentleman from Oregon: "The Associated Press and Other News Gathering Organizations."

Discussion of the "paper" by members and guests

10 P. M. Adjournment of the Club until the Fall of 1918

LEAFLET—PAGE 4.

A PASTORAL.

The sun was rising in the west, and shed its beams on Cedarcrest, where pensive goat and sportive cow were perched upon the cedar bow. There Frank MacLennan watched his flocks, slugged the gentle sheep with rocks, and drove his hens to lakelet's brim, that they might dive and bathe and swim. The pigs were climbing elms and firs, the hired man gathered cockleburs; a doctor passed on horse's back, and all the ducks called loudly: "Quack!" The fruit tree agent asked to stay all night; the horses whinnied "Neigh!" Peace hovered o'er the prairie wide; the cattle lowed, the horses highed; and sounded thru the village smoke, the bark of watchdog, elm and oak. And he who owned these rustic scenes, had seeded down his farm to beans.

WALT MASON.

The Associated Press and Others.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Club and Guests:

It has been about seventy-five years since there was any gathering of news at all like we have today. In the latter part of the eighteenth century there were coffee houses in London and in New York where congenial spirits congregated and exchanged the current news gossip among themselves. One of the most notable of these coffee houses was presided over by Dr. Samuel Johnson and was just off Fleet street, busy then as today.

To be sure, some years previous Addison and Steele issued at various times what they called "The Spectator." There have probably been no essays written since that time that excelled those in "The Spectator," in dictum and good English. But the Spectator was not a newspaper. It was, as you know, a collection of essays mainly upon political subjects. It essayed not to collect news. Of course, this being a literary club, doubtless each one of you has in his library Addison and Steele's wonderful classic writings.

Shortly after the American revolution a little paper called "The Boston News Letter" was issued. But still that was hardly a patron of any news organization, for the reason that there was none to patronize.

Indeed, it was not until seventy-five years ago that any attempt worthy the name in the way of the gathering of news was made. The man to whom the credit is probably really due as the first organizer of a service for the collection of news was James Gordon Bennett, the father of the James Gordon Bennett who died on Tuesday of last week in Paris.

About the middle of the last century—a little before the middle—James Gordon Bennett was active in his career as a conductor of even at that day, a great newspaper. He was enterprising in the extreme. His methods at that time, however, bring a smile today. There was no telegraph nor cable. The news came, the big news, to a large extent from the old country, aside from the important news of the United States; but the competition at that time was in the foreign news.

In order to secure the news ahead of his competitor, James Gordon Bennett used carrier pigeons and the pony express. When a vessel landed at Boston, Bennett, with his ponies, met the ship and the news was conveyed by pony express from Boston to New York.

His competitors soon found they could get ponies, too, so Bennett resorted to still another stroke of enterprise in getting the news first; and news is not always news unless you get it first.

Mr. Bennett conceived the idea of sending a boat to meet the incoming ships bearing news, and on that courier vessel, which went out from New York or Boston in time to meet the ship, was carried a cage of pigeons. These pigeons were taken on board the incoming ship, the news collected, put upon paper in brief form and the pigeons loosed from a stateroom of the ship. These pigeons flew to the cote in the New York Herald building.

For some time Bennett thus published the news first. But about 1848 the Morse telegraph began to be used. There was a line constructed between Boston and New York and a subsidy of some $30,000 granted to it by the government; that brought the news simultaneously to New York.

The newspapers saw that it was necessary to form an organization and they organized what was the first Associated Press. It was composed of the five leading papers of New York at that time: the Herald, the Tribune, the Sun and the Times among them. Those were the days of the big journalists, Bennett, Dana, Horace Greeley, Jones and Raymond.

The results of that Associated Press, which was called the "New York Associated Press," brought about similar organizations in different parts of the country, which purchased their news from the New York Associated Press.

Later, what was known as the "Western Associated Press" was organized. That was composed among others of the Chicago Tribune, the Chicago Times, the Louisville Courier-Journal, in the days of Halderman and Richard Smith. There were other organizations formed in different parts of the country which purchased their news from the Western Associated Press, which had purchased its general news from the New York Associated Press.

There was one organization known as the Trans-Mississippi Associated Press, which consisted of the evening papers of western Missouri and of the state of Kansas. About the time that I came to Topeka thirty-two years ago, the State Journal was a member of the Trans-Mississippi Associated Press and for a number of years its editor was president of that organization.

Other news associations grew up as rivals of the Associated Press. There was bitter competition. There was a battle between the Associated Press and the old United Press, which finally resulted in the pronounced supremacy of the Associated Press and

the old United Press ceasing business. The A. P. was too much for it. This was about 1892

The Associated Press at that time was so widely extended that it embraced in its service the great newspapers of the United States, from New York to San Francisco and from Minneapolis to New Orleans.

In 1900, Judge Phillips of Illinois declared that the Associated Press must give its news service to any paper which would pay for it on the same basis the present A. P. papers were paying. This threw things wide open. At that time a privilege to use the Associated Press was known as a franchise. The principal thing I secured thirty-two years ago at Eighth and Kansas avenue was the franchise of the Associated Press. The paper at that time was receiving 2,500 words a day and was entitled to the exclusive use of this Associated Press service in Topeka and for a territory within a twenty-mile radius.

The ruling of Judge Phillips, of course, placed in jeopardy what was known as the Associated Press franchise; and while there was great difference of opinion about the constitutionality of the decision, the old members of the Associated Press concluded that it was better to form a new organization under a new law. Accordingly eighteen years ago this new organization was effected under the New York bond or partnership law.

The Associated Press is purely a mutual, co-operative organization. It makes no profits; its expenses increase or decrease with the expense of collecting and distributing the news. The assessment for each paper is based upon the size of the city, upon the size of the report received and upon the local and circuit expense.

The principal papers in the large cities receive what is known as the leased wire service of the Associated Press. There are thirty-five papers in Kansas that are Associated Press papers; only seven of them, however, receive the full service—I should say eight; the two Wichita papers, the Arkansas City, Kan., Traveler, the Atchison Globe, the Pittsburg Headlight, the Hutchinson News, the Topeka Capital and my own. This service requires the entire time of the telegraph operator receiving the report for that particular paper, and the taking of a carbon copy for the other Associated Press paper in the same city if there be one.

The Associated Press as it exists today is a partnership for mutual reciprocal service. Each member not only pays his proportionate assessment to the entire expense, but is in duty bound to furnish the general news of his locality to all the other members.

This sum varies from time to time. For instance, the assessment is high now on account of the great expense in collecting the news of the war in Europe. At times news, notably in the Japanese-Russian war, collected by the Associated Press has cost as much as $2 per word. The enormous expense of it could only be borne by the co-operation of the partners or members in the association.

The news gathering of the world might be said to be covered by four great agencies:

The field of the Associated Press is the United States, Canada, the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, Central America and the islands of the West Indies.

One of the other organizations is known as the Reuter's agency of London, which for years has collected the

news of Great Britain and her colonies.

The third great news collecting and disseminating organization is known as the Havas agency of Paris, which collects the news and distributes it in France and the Latin countries, including South America.

The fourth big news collection agency is known as the Wolff agency at Berlin. Its territory is in the Teutonic, Scandinavian and Slavic countries.

I might have stated that aside from these four great organizations there is a smaller organization in Rome. It is called the Stephani agency, which collects the news in Italy and has a close working arrangement with the Havas of Paris.

The Associated Press of the United States has had working arrangements with Reuter's of London, Havas of Paris and with the Wolff agency of Berlin. They exchanged news with each other and thus the world was fairly well covered. Since the war the connection with the Wolff agency is naturally not so close. Meanwhile the Associated Press has branched out to such an extent that it practically covers the world by its own men, having agencies and paid correspondents at Rome, at Petrograd, at Tokio, Rio Janeiro, Hong Kong and at all the great cities of both hemispheres.

The Associated Press serves 1,100 papers, of which about 600 are evening papers and the remainder morning and Sunday papers.

The duties of an Associated Press correspondent now are associated with the same dangers that menace the soldier at the front. There are many, many instances where Associated Press correspondents have been wounded and even killed by the shells

of the enemy or died in the war service. These correspondents are as brave in their work as the soldier is in his and it is generally considered. I believe, that an Associated Press correspondent to be efficient must be not only able, but a man of valor and courage.

A few days ago when I was in New York, I went to the dock with an old friend of mine who had been in the Associated Press service a long time. He is James P. Howe, oldest son of Ed Howe of Atchison, Kan., who for several years has been connected with the Associated Press at San Francisco. So much was thought of his ability that the Associated Press took him across the continent, to go to France, where he now is.

While the Associated Press is the great news gathering organization in this country, there are two other organizations of a similar character that are entitled to consideration and are factors in the service to the daily newspapers.

The first of these is the new United Press, known as the United Press Associations. It is a service particularly and expressly for afternoon papers. It serves no morning papers, excepting in a number of cases there is a Saturday night service for Sunday morning papers. The State Journal is the only paper in Kansas which receives both the Associated Press and the United Press, requiring the entire time, for the entire day, of two operators, for the State Jonrnal gets the full day and night reports of the A. P. and the full report of the U. P. as taken over leased wires, used exclusively all the time for those purposes.

The United Press is organized on entirely different lines from the Associated Press, the latter being a mutual organization for the sole purpose of serving news, without profit, to members, and only to members; the United Press is organized not only to serve newspapers but for profit: it is a stock company. In taking the United Press as I have since the

breaking out of the war, first a brief telephone report but now the complete leased wire service, I look upon it as an additional reporter. Its service gives to us valuable news that is not received by any other daily paper in Kansas, in connection with the Associated Press.

There are some papers in this state that receive the full Associated Press report, and some smaller papers receive an abbreviated, or "pony" report of the news. As an example, from the office of the State Journal there is distributed to other papers in Kansas a smaller report made out from our full report. The Emporia Gazette, William Allen White's paper, for instance, receives its report of some 3,000 words daily out of our probably 30,000. It gets the cream of the news. While the Gazette and other papers in Kansas, like the Salina paper and some of the others, receive the abbreviated report, yet there is no big piece of news which they do not receive, but items which we may print in full they would have in bulletin form.

The United Press serves in this country about 500 evening papers. It is an excellent service, but not in my judgment as a comprehensive invaluable service equal to the Associated Press. The United Press is branching out and has important agencies at Rio Janeiro and other world cities. It has intrepid, alert paid correspondents on the battle fronts. Very many of our important news dispatches are from the United Press correspondents at the various fronts in Italy, in France, in Mesopotamia and in Russia.

There is one other news agency known as the International News Service. My paper also receives part of its service, and its value to us is largely in its excellent reports of sports and in specially written stories. We do not depend upon it for news, but only as a supplementary report. A few years ago this International News Service, which is called the Hearst service, had the services of no less a distinguished man than Rudyard Kipling, and you may remember reading in the State Journal several

years ago reports of the war written by his inimitable pen.

The Hearst service is an organization created by William Randolph Hearst, who has very important newspapers at San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York City, Boston, Chicago and Atlanta. Those connections alone would enable the International, or Hearst service, to obtain at times news of very great value, just as one more good reporter out of two or four or five or ten as the State Journal has to cover local news, would secure news that none of the other reporters of local or world news might happen to get.

Mr. Hearst was until a month ago, without an Associated Press membership for his Chicago morning papers. He publishes both morning and evening papers in some cities. About thirty days ago Mr. Hearst purchased the Chicago Herald, which has been running at an enormous loss, and thereby acquired the Associated Press membership of the Chicago Herald, so that now he is really not dependent upon his own service at any of his principal points where he has morning papers, but can use, with the other morning papers, the Associated Press service. It is matter of conjecture that Mr. Hearst may decide to abandon his night service so far as the selling of news to clients or other papers than his own, but that is only rumor in newspaper circles and may be without any fact.

The enterprise of the Associated Press is almost inconceivable. It has the wonderful resources of the various newspapers behind it. The cost of collecting and distributing its news is very nearly $4,000,000 annually.

The Associated Press sends out every day an equivalent to thirty-five columns of ordinary news matter. Of course, some of that news is printed at great length by some papers and briefly by others.

The genius of the Associated Press is Melville E. Stone. He has a most able assistant in Frank B. Noyes, of the Washington Star, who has been president of the Associated Press ever since its reorganization in 1900; and an able board of directors that come from every part of the United States,

fifteen of them. The Atlantic coast, the Pacific coast, the central and norther and southern portions of the United States are represented on this board. The president and directors work without salary, and are devoted to their work. Any Associated Press paper, no matter how small or how few words it receives, even as few as 500, is assured justice and fair treatment from this board of able men, skilled in the newspaper calling and in business affairs.

About a month ago at the annual meeting of the Associated Press in New York, a very interesting feature of a luncheon for newspaper editors, was the presentation to Mr. Stone of $25,000 in liberty bonds; twenty-five bonds of $1,000 each, or $1,000 for each year of his service as general manager of the Associated Press.

Mr. Stone was surprised and amazed and deeply moved by the tribute.

I will say that this presentation of $25,000 was purely voluntary on the part of the members. Many members who contributed gave the amount of their weekly assessment, and were delighted at the opportunity that permitted them to do so.

Each one at the Associated Press luncheon, and later every member of the Associated Press, received as a souvenir a beautiful volume of 350 pages, profusely illustrated, bound in Buckram, from the press of Harper & Brothers and entitled:

M. E. S.
His Book
A Tribute and a Souvenir
of the Twenty-five years
1893-1918
of the service of
MELVILLE E. STONE
as
General Manager of
The Associated Press

Mr. Stone is a man, who is by his education and training, wonderfully fitted for the great position which he holds. I have been fortunate in knowing him quite intimately for more than

the quarter of a century in which he has been general manager of the Associated Press. To begin with, he is a highly educated man, trained to newspaper work. He was at one time one of the owners of one of the greatest newspapers in this country today, the Chicago News, now owned and conducted by Victor Lawson, who with Mr. Stone founded the paper.

Mr. Lawson, always a director of the Associated Press, was present at this presentation the other day and paid, in an interesting speech, a great tribute to his old friend.

When I first met Mr. Stone he was editor of the Chicago News; I was introduced to him by the late William R. Nelson of the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Stone, as a man and specifically as a newspaper man, always held to high ideals. The Chicago News today is conducted along the same lines he mapped out for it many years ago, and his training in newspaper work in Chicago and elsewhere has been invaluable to him as general manager of the great Associated Press. He has also been a banker and foundryman—an all round expert.

The service of the Associated Press is transmitted in many ways. The wires of the Postal and Western Union Telegraph companies are used to such an extent that the Associated Press has today more than 22,000 miles of wires for its exclusive use thru the day and night. In addition thereto, a very large amount is received and distributed over the telephone and by wireless. A number of the papers in Kansas receive 500 words by wire and others receive a periodical daily service by telephone. By the use of a stenographer a receiving paper is able to receive about 3,000 words a day, and those periods are divided into about ten minutes around 10 o'clock in the morning, about fifteen minutes at about 1 o'clock and five minutes about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Certain papers receive a 45-minute telephone service from the State Journal building in which the Topeka bureau of the Associated Press is located.

The leased wire service, which is taken by the Capital at night and my paper in the day, is very, very rapid.

The service is so fast that the ordinary expert telegrapher is unable to read it unless he is trained and has had experience in receiving the Associated Press news. For instance, as some of you may remember, when I made a talk on this subject about a year ago before the Current Topic club, of which the Gentleman from New Mexico was then president, on that evening I gave a few illustrations of the speed of the Associated Press in transmitting news.

For instance: the word "scotus" is probably the most notable of the code words, which when transmitted over the wires of the Associated Press means "supreme court of the United States;" the word "potus" means "president of the United States;" "ogt"—those three letters when translated is the clause "on the ground that;" and the telegraph operator must be able not only to read this code instantly, but must put it on the typewriter so fast that he will not miss the next word, so that the news the operator receives is put on the copy sheets clear, complete and readable. For example: the word "pips" means "Philippine Islands;" "cgl" means "congressional;" "lgn" "legislation." There are many such words with which the telegraph operator must be absolutely familiar and which would confuse the ordinary telegrapher; in fact, if the operator should put down the words just as he receives them, it would be unintelligible to the average reader.

I have tried to give you a comprehensive statement of the workings of the great news gathering agencies. It is by the spirit of co-operation and the working together of the various newspapers of the United States, both great and small, that the reader is enabled to be presented early in the evening with the day's news, and at breakfast with news that has transpired later or at night, or a more complete report of news that transpired in the daytime.

Tomorrow's Chapter XVI will be a continuation of Chapter XIV printed on Saturday and will cover additional features of the great "Win the War for Permanent Peace" convention at Philadelphia May 16 and 17.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XVI.

What Happened in Philadelphia.

Yesterday's chapter, XV, was so long and upon such a serious subject that the reader may appreciate something in this chapter following it in a lighter vein.

So before proceeding to chronicle in brief in the chapter tomorrow, what was done at the "Win the War for Permanent Peace" convention at Philadelphia, May 16 and 17, it seems pertinent in this chapter to tell of some things that happened on Broad street, in the Union League club and in the lobbies of the Bellevue-Stratford hotel on the first day of the convention, but outside the hall at the Academy of Music where three sessions a day were held and where great speeches were made by great speakers.

Walking over to the desk of the hotel, I suddenly heard my name called, and upon turning about found it was my next-door neighbor in Topeka, Mrs. Arthur Capper, wife of our honored governor. After exchanging greetings she said: "Mrs. Mulvane is over at that desk writing a letter. We both came from Washington this morning."

After meeting Mrs. Mulvane I asked the two if they would go to luncheon with me.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Capper. "You want to talk with the men."

"No, indeed," says I. "I can talk with the men any time."

Without further reluctance we went into the cafe. All three agreed upon broiled mushrooms. They looked good on the menu and when served met expectations. We were starting out to

take something that we do not have often in Topeka.

"I would like some iced coffee with cream in it," said Mrs. C.

"The same," said the gentleman in the party.

"Buttermilk for me," said Mrs. Mulvane. "And I would also like some Boston cream pie."

The other two said they did not care for dessert.

When the pie course was served for the one who had ordered it, it was about a quarter of a section, a liberal cut.

Addressing the waiter, Mrs. Mulvane said:

"Will you please bring me another plate and I will cut this pie in two for the other lady?"

"I will bring you the plate," said the waiter, "but I will have to charge for another portion."

"All right," said the man to the waiter. "Charge, Chester; charge if you must."

I observed that they knew how to charge al. right, but I was in Philadelphia and I was endeavoring to do as the Philadelphians did, even if they were doing me.

Mrs. Mulvane had a better second thought: she took one of the superfluous plates that were on the table that gave her three for the dessert. There is a custom in these eastern cafes of using many plates. Sometimes there is a pile of three of them, the lower one supporting the one above, the top one supporting the pie, as the case may be.

You want to know what Mrs. Mulvane did with the three plates and the one big piece of Boston cream? Well, the waiter being like All Gaul, divided into three parts, part to wait, part to serve, part for cupidity, Mrs. Mulvane was not to be outflanked and with some apparent consideration for the host who had ordered one piece of pie, but was compelled to pay for two pieces tho getting but one—well, here is what she did. She cut that piece into three equilateral triangles and each of us thus had dessert. Q. E. D. This is the way they do in Philadel-

phia. When you order one piece of pie, then decide to have it cut in two, thereupon they charge double, and to get partially even, you make three slices of it. The bill was $3.70.

I was unable to secure a room for myself at that hotel because a thousand other applicants were ahead of me coming to the convention, altho I had a friend ask for a room several days in advance. The friend wired me this information: "I secured a good room for you at the Union League club where I think you will be comfortable." I certainly was well taken care of there, and for probably one-third of the money. The Union League is one of Philadelphia's old and interesting institutions. It is on Broad street, which is the Kansas avenue of Philadelphia, and is only one-half block away from the Belvue-Stratford, which was the headquarters of the convention.

"We have been having a fine time together, Mrs. Capper and I," said Mrs. Mulvane, "but we have been going at a pretty lively pace. We left Washington at midnight this morning, taking a drawing-room, but Mrs. Capper talked to me all night, so I failed to get any sleep. Day was breaking when we arrived in the Quaker city. I think we will both go to Atlantic City tomorrow to rest up."

Mrs. Capper afterwards told me on the side that Mrs. Mulvane talked to her all night on the train so she was feeling a little sleepy, and rather tired, she concluded she would go with Mrs. Mulvane to Atlantic City for a rest.

I tried to convince them that the day they were going to Atlantic City was the big day of the convention—big speakers and a big banquet in the evening at which were more big speakers, Taft, Secretary Daniels and others.

"Well, I will have to telegraph the Marlborough-Blenheim hotel at Atlantic City to cancel the reservations," said Mrs. Mulvane, as she walked over to the telegraph counter. Later in the day I saw them and Mrs. Mulvane said: "We have decided that after all it would be best for us to go to Atlantic City; we believe that Atlantic City is the thing for tired people." She said she had just telephoned to the

room clerk of the New Jersey hotel that they would take the room, as originally planned. Having received one message from the Western Union, one from the Postal and a third over the telephone, each conflicting, the reader may imagine the state of mind in which that room clerk at the Marlborough was. However, that was not my affair.

Something else concerned me more. J. C. Holland and I were Topeka delegates, and were staying together as much as practicable, altho Holland was not in on the luncheon; he was somewhere else with the men.

That evening there were six speeches scheduled for the session of the convention. The first three did not particularly appeal on the program, but I did want to hear the last three, who were Mr. Oscar S. Straus, formerly a member of Roosevelt's cabinet, Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, who was entertained in Topeka several years ago, and Hon. Charles E. Hughes, who ran against President Wilson with disastrous results. I knew all three of these men, had heard each of them speak, and knew that they knew how to talk.

There was a wonderful exhibit advertised in the Philadelphia papers of implements of war from the French front, and the proceeds were to go into what was known as the War Chest, a fund for aid to the soldiers. I suggested to Holland that we go around there during the early part of the evening. We did so and it was a fascinating exhibit. It had just been opened, and all of the booths were not quite complete, but it was a wonderful show. There were five or six aeroplanes there, one big German plane that had been punctured.

There was a catalog giving the names of perhaps a thousand articles each of which was numbered and readily noted with its name upon reference to the list.

There was a French aeroplane whose occupant had punctured fifty-five German planes and with that particular machine had brought down twenty-two Huns before the brave airman met his sad fate.

There were French "75's," several of them. Upon one was white-painted in French, the English for which is "They shall not pass." The French

"75" has a bore of about three inches, the "75" referring to centimeters. There are about twenty-five centimeters in an inch.

There were shells exploded and before explosion. there were soldiers' kits; there were helmets; there were uniforms by the hundreds used by artillerymen, infantrymen, airmen and others in the British, French and Italian armies. There were two floors of exhibits from the Marne and Verdun battlefields; each floor was probably 100 by 150 feet. Sousa's band played.

A little after 9 on the way to the Academy of Music to hear the last three speakers, we had difficulty. We were about ten blocks away and there had been a street car strike in Philadelphia that day; in consequence the service was not frequent. After waiting on the corner quite awhile without results, we decided to walk.

About 9:30, reaching Broad street near the Academy of Music, we again met Mrs. Capper and Mrs. Mulvane, who told us they had heard so many speeches that they were full and were going to their rooms to get a good sleep to prepare for their journey in the morning to Atlantic City to "rest up."

"Mrs. Capper is not very well," said Mrs. Mulvane.

"That's too bad," said I. "I fear that I am responsible on account of the luncheon today, but I should have thought that if anyone of us felt sick it would be the lady who took the buttermilk and the Boston pie along with the mushrooms."

As Mrs. Mulvane appeared quite well, it was evident that the luncheon was not altogether responsible.

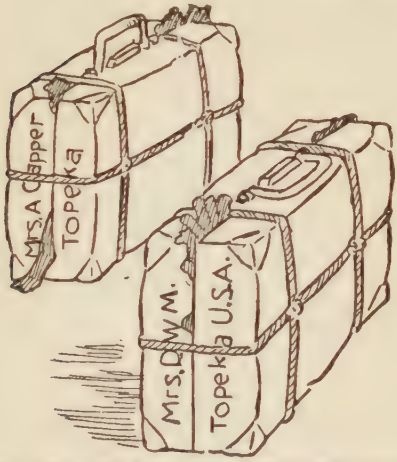
"Did you know, Mrs. Mulvane, that since you left home your husband has received a legacy of $25,000 in cash?"

"Did he?" said she. "I had not heard it."

"I have a State Journal over across the street here, containing a column account about the estate, and I will go over and get it if you and Mrs. Capper will stay here with Mr. Holland, because I understand women are not allowed within fifty feet of the Union League club." I returned with the paper.

These ladies were certainly having a good time on their trip, altho they had their troubles. I learned that one

of them had a brand new gown and the other had one about equal to it. They had been afraid to entrust these evening dresses to their trunks, there is so much delay now in travel. So after carrying one of them in a separate parcel, they decided to put both gowns in their suitcases. The result was disastrous for upon leaving the train one day the suitcases, filled to the bursting point, both flew open



The suit cases as they were sketched after the happy porter was compensated for tying them up.

amid the consternation of the ladies and later the liberal remuneration to the porter who supplied the ropes to bring the recalcitrant halves of the traveling cases together and confine the contents.

"That's the reason my husband isn't with me," said Mrs. Mulvane, pointing to a column article in the State Journal describing the opening of the Red Cross campaign with D. W. Mulvane as chairman.

Seeing Mr. Mulvane a few days ago, I asked him when he expected his wife home.

"Well," said he, "I have been expecting her home for some time, but I think she must be staying a while longer to spend some of that $25,000, which I hear you told her had fallen to me, but I really look for her home Tuesday;" that's today.

CHAPTER XVII.

Win the War for Permanent Peace.

The "Win the War for Permanent Peace" convention held under the auspices of the League to Enforce Peace in Philadelphia, Thursday, May 16, and Friday, May 17, was one of the remarkable national gatherings of the year.

There were several thousand delegates present. They filled the hotels to overflowing and the Academy of Music, a large auditorium where the principal sessions were held, was crowded with interesting representatives from various parts of the United States, listening intently and taking part from time to time in the proceedings of the convention.

The speakers selected were big men, most of them of national reputation. The result was that their addresses were presented to a closely attentive audience.

The objects of the League, what it has done, is doing and plans to do, may be covered briefly by the following excerpts taken from a report of the executive committee, of which William Howard Taft is chairman:

The principles it was formed to promote have become the goal and the inspiration of the United Democratic nations in a world war. Its fundamental proposal is that the nations that cherish international justice and public right should make common cause against a determined disturber of the world's peace. This is being done.

The battle is now on which will determine whether or not that proposal is practicable. The winning of this war, therefore, is the first and essential step toward the realization of our aims.

To give effective aid in the winning of the war is our logical duty and high privilege. To this end the League has given its undivided strength. From the day the United States entered the crucial struggle against Militarism and Autocracy, all its propaganda has struck the keynote of loyalty and patriotism.

The League's war function has been to keep the ideals of international justice and a common civilization clearly before our people, as a constant inspiration to the sacrifices upon which Victory must depend. We will stand with our European allies in unbroken front against the enemies of Civilization until victory is complete and the basis secured for the League of Nations.

The task of the League has been one of popular education. It has marshalled the resources of a powerful organization directed by leaders of national reputation in every state of the Union to accomplish the following ends:

1. Emphasize the high purpose of the war.
2. Take an active part in Win-the-War activities.
3. Oppose an inconclusive and German-made peace that would be only a breathing space before another and greater contest.
4. Plan the foundations for a permanent League of Nations to make peace secure in the future.

In the performance of these vital functions the League has carried on an extensive work both at home and abroad.

In advancing its principles in other lands it has depended on the circulation of literature, on visits of prominent public men and on private correspondence.

The principal literature of the league has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Japanese and German, and substantial editions have been printed and circulated in all except the German.

A succession of well-known men have carried and are now carrying the league's message to the leading men

among our allies and the European neutrals.

Constant interchange of views by correspondence has been carried on with the leaders of the League of Nations movement in Europe, and with other statesmen and makers of opinion there and in Japan.

In advancing its principles at home, the league has used the following instruments:

Organization; the press; co-operation with other organizations and activities; the church; speakers; literature; legislation.

The League is now organized in all but three states with more than 4,000 state and county officers and committee men. Twenty states have a complete system of state and county

Taft in Action.

branches; fifteen have state organizations with branches in counties and cities. Various states have provisional and temporary organizations. Thru this machinery the League has been able to assist the civilian war activities of the federal government. The value of this service has been recognized by the treasury department, the Red Cross, the committee on public information, the council of national

defense, various officials in charge of liberty loans.

State councils of defense further testify to the work of these organizations. It is earning an undisputed right to speak on the issues of the future when the war shall have been fought to a victorious conclusion.

In substance the objects of the league are:

To sustain the determination of our people to fight until Prussian militarism has been defeated.

To confirm opposition to a premature peace.

To focus attention on the only advantage the American people seek to gain from the war—permanent peace guaranteed by a league of nations.

Philadelphia was so crowded with enthusiastic people, many of them coming for thousands of miles for the sole purpose of attending this convention, that the hotels could not begin to furnish accommodations, the enormous Bellevue-Stratford hotel having refused 1,000 applicants.

There were three sessions on each of the two days and a special session in addition the evening before the opening.

Here are several of the subjects and the speakers:

"America Seeing It Thru," William Howard Taft.

"The War and Insight," Edward A. Filene, the big Boston merchant, the Marshall Field of that city, who has contributed more than $25,000 in cash for the purposes of this League to Enforce Peace.

"Safeguarding the Future," A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard college.

"Battling for a New World," Stephen S. Wise, the Jewish rabbi of New York, who spoke in Topeka about four years ago on pacificism. He has changed his views entirely since that time and delivered one of the most

eloquent and effective speeches of the entire convention, urging vigorous prosecution of the war to a finish.

"The Degradation of Childhood and Womanhood," Anna Howard Shaw, nationally prominent in women's welfare work and advancement.

"Democracy or Autocracy—Which?" Lyman Abbott, the editor of Outlook, who was entertained in Topeka several years ago at the Mills Tea Room.

"The Conflict of National Ideals and Purposes," Oscar S. Straus.

"A Lawless World," Charles Evans Hughes.

"A Monroe Doctrine for the World," Talcott Williams, head of the Pulitzer school of journalism.

"Commerce and the Mailed Fist," Herbert S. Houston, vice president of Doubleday, Page & Company of New York, and the advertising manager eighteen years ago of the Sheldon edition of the Topeka Capital.

"The Only Peace Worth Having," John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in congress.

Tomorrow's chapter XVIII will tell some important and interesting things that took place at this Philadelphia convention and will cover the wonderful double-header dinner or banquet which required the services of two of the largest banqueting halls available at two of the largest hotels in Philadelphia.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Win the War for Permanent Peace—II.

The Kansas delegates who attended this convention were:

Frank Strong, Lawrence.
Mrs. D. W. Mulvane, Topeka.
Rev. Walter H. Rollins, Wichita.
J. M. Morley, Severance.
Mrs. H. O. Garvey, Topeka.
Rev. A. M. Brodie, Wichita.
J. C. Holland, Topeka.
Frank P. MacLennan, Topeka.

There were other delegates appointed who were not present.

The sessions closed with what was called Simultaneous Allied War Dinners, with an interchange of speakers. Over 2,100 diners were accommodated, each one of whom was listed alphabetically and at tables.

At the Bellevue-Stratford there were five banqueting rooms used, namely, the big ball room, the Clover Room, the Red Room, the Green Room and Pink Room. At this dinner there were 143 tables averaging about eight to the table.

At the Hotel Walton the main dining room was used, the roof garden and the Sagamore Room.

There were 600 applicants unable to secure places at any of the tables. Most of these were given opportunity to hear the speaking from the various balconies or on the floor as, before the speaking began, certain tables were moved to provide for guests seated in the outer rooms.

At the Hotel Walton there were 127 tables averaging about six to the table.

The menu was good but not especially elaborate; it was planned to be

Hooverized. The price was $3.50 per plate, against the big Publishers' dinner in New York three weeks earlier costing $10 per plate.

Here was the Philadelphia bill of fare:

MENU.

Grape Fruit Bellevue
Corn Rolls Butter Olives
Potage Longchamps
Half Broiled Chicken Sweet Potato Glace
Green Peas
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Individual Patriotic Ices
Cakes Coffee

This was the list of speakers:

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD HOTEL.

Speakers

Ex-President William Howard Taft,
Presiding.

His Excellency J. J. Jusserand,
The French Ambassador.

Message of Greeting from the British Ambassador.

Sir George Adam Smith,
Principal of Aberdeen University, Scotland.

The Hon. Josephus Daniels,
Secretary of the Navy.

The Hon. Alton B. Parker, Presiding.
General Emilio Guglielmotti,
Military Attache, the Italian Embassy.

The Hon. Horace I. Gagne,
President, Win the War and Canadian Unity League.

Mr. Winfield R. Gaylord,
Vice President, American Alliance for Labor and Democracy.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler,
President of Columbia University.

HOTEL WALTON.

Speakers.

The Hon. Alton B. Parker, Presiding.

The Hon. Josephus Daniels,
Secretary of the Navy.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler,
President of Columbia University.

Mr. Winfield R. Gaylord,
Vice President, American Alliance for Labor and Democracy.

Ex-President William Howard Taft,
Presiding.

Message of Greeting from the British Ambassador.

Sir George Adam Smith,
Principal of Aberdeen University, Scotland.

Justice S. Harrison White,
Supreme Court of Colorado.

General Emilio Guglielmotti,
Military Attache, the Italian Embassy

His Excellency J. J. Jusserand,
The French Ambassador.

As indicated, at these dinners given in Philadelphia Friday evening, May 17, Mr. Taft presided at the first half of one and the last half of the other. Alton B. Parker, who was the Democratic candidate for president against Roosevelt when the latter was elected, presided at the first half of the other dinner and at the last half of the other.

Among the distinguished guests were: Hon. John Barrett, director of the Pan-American republics; Hon. James M. Cox, governor of Ohio; Dr. Harry Garfield, fuel administrator; J. Warren Keifer, former speaker of the house of representatives; Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles; H. J. Pettengill.

Mr. Pettengill lives in St. Louis and

is president of the Southwestern Bell Telephone company. His son has recently come to Topeka to live in connection with the telephone business here. Mr. Pettengill, in connection with Charles S. Gleed, was instrumental in bringing to Topeka the large number of telephone employes, offices for whom required the full two-story addition, 50 by 150 feet, on our Central National Bank building, making it six stories.

Mr. Pettengill was accompanied by Mrs. Pettengill, and we found a bond of agreement because she agreed with me that Mrs. Charles S. Gleed, her daughter Cornelia, Mrs. Roy Thompson, and her grandson, Gleed Thompson, particular friends in common, were most desirable people. In fact, the telephone conversation with Mr. Pettengill was all right and all that could be desired from a wire standpoint, but not to be compared with the direct conversation across the dinner table with Mrs. Pettengill.

Speaking of the Pettengills, during the two and a half days and two and a half nights the writer spent in Philadelphia, he attended two dinners with the Pettengills, one luncheon and came very near another one with them, making four in all.

It was this way: Going up in the elevator one morning Herbert Houston, heretofore mentioned, presented me to Mrs. Lon Hocker; she seemed to know me. I thought of the stereotyped expression, but did not utter it: "You certainly have the advantage of me." I had never seen her before. It quickly appeared that she had read the State Journal at Lawrence, Kan., where she had been a student; in fact, we were fellow alumni of K. U., or rather she was an alumna and I was an alumnus.

I intended to get off at the second floor where they were giving out badges, tickets and other insignia for the convention delegates; but having been introduced to Mrs. Hocker and hearing her tell the elevator man she

wanted to go to the twelfth floor, I concluded to stay aboard for a few minutes longer.

"My name at school was Mary Berry," she said. "You can remember it by thinking of blackberry or strawberry."

As a matter of fact, I remember her maiden name by thinking of huckleberry, my favorite berry, but that is not the way it is spelled, but with a "W" like Weller in Pickwick.

"You probably knew my father, Senator Ed Berry."

"I certainly did." That comes of mixing with politicians, altho not one, instead of being a ladies' man, or I might have known Mrs. Hocker years ago.

The elevator man kindly stopped at nearly every floor to take on or put off passengers. By the time we reached the twelfth story I not only had in my possession from an original source a concise biography of the interesting lady, but she had also invited me to a luncheon that day noon.

This seemed to me rather rapid, as I had known her not to exceed three minutes. She said: "If you will come to luncheon with me here today I will invite my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pettengill, to go with us. They are here. They live in St. Louis, where my home is now." Her husband is a lawyer there.

"This is hard luck," said I. "About two weeks ago I accepted an invitation to luncheon today noon in this hotel and I don't see how I can accept or help it."

Here was a case where one would like to be in two places at the same time, particularly one of them.

"By the way, I think probably Mr. Pettengill will be at the same luncheon."

"Well, I will give up my luncheon party for today," said she.

Here the elevator reached the twelfth floor and she said good-bye. Of course, I was sorry that her room was not on the twenty-second floor, to which I journeyed alone, then returned to the second for my credentials.

CHAPTER XIX.

Win the War for Permanent Peace—III.

At the Allied War Dinners, referred to in the previous chapter, the speakers were eminent and the speeches seemed to fully meet the expectations of the listeners.

Mr. Taft as usual was a most satisfactory presiding officer and toastmaster.

Realizing the seriousness of the occasion, he delivered telling epigrams which impressed themselves upon his hearers.

Here are a few words he said which will be of interest, it is thought, to the readers of this paper. While making his serious shots or thrusts, he still did not lose sight of the humor which would occasionally crop out, nor overlook the importance of keeping cheerful and confident. The Taft chuckle was heard at times.

He illustrated some of the struggles of the administration toward results by saying that it had been observed that many who had been placed in great authority on unfamiliar work seemed to be considered by the powers "entirely capable of performing duties in connection with something they knew nothing about," but of course experience and time enlightened them and put them toward efficiency.

"There has not always been warranted the optimism that has been sometimes expressed," said Taft. "We have displayed a tendency to blow and at the same time have not always delivered the goods promptly.

"But we are getting in shape now. We were short of rifles; now we have rifles aplenty; ships are building fast; we will have ships enough if necessary to bridge the way across the Atlantic.

"The administration is entitled to credit for the conscription law, which is democratic, fair and vital. There is no power to win the war without putting our boys in danger. We must remember that. With all the new implements of warfare battles are still won by men. Food will win, but red-blooded men are the front of things.

"The man entitled to the credit for the draft law is Prouty. He threw the law on the people even before the people were ready for it; but he was right; it will raise 10,000,000 men if they are needed.

"In class 1 are unmarried men and married men who have no dependents. This class alone will produce 2,400,000 soldiers. Seven hundred thousand have reached the age of 21 since the first registration a year ago so that by the end of 1918 we should be able to have armed and equipped in service 3,100,000 men. Then there are volunteers, the regular army and the national army aggregating 1,600,000.

"There would still be left in class 1 1,000,000 men under 21, with 700,000 reaching that age by 1919. By the end of 1919 class 1 of the new 21-registering age alone could produce over a half million for the war.

"This would only call those between 21 and 31 and those who have no dependents at home. Reduce the age to 18 and calling class 2 would give us an army of 10,000,000. With that capacity and potentiality we should be held up to shame in history if we did not win this war."

M. Jusserand, now and for years the French ambassador at Washington,

was fraternally received. He talked like a brother and was accepted like one. His broken, serious English was welcomed with cheers and enthusiasm when he spoke of the ties most tender and strong that now join the French and the Americans.

Secretary Daniels, at the head of the navy, publisher of a Raleigh paper when at home, in a modest and effective way spoke of our ships, their accomplishments and prospects. He impressed his hearers with confidence and satisfaction.

A wonderfully gripping speech was made by Sir George Adam Smith, principal of the Aberdeen university, Scotland, himself a veteran. When he told of losing two sons in the service and of the third one in training, his words were so impressive that women and strong men in the audience wept.

The national officers of the League to Enforce Peace chosen at Philadelphia for 1918-1919 are:

President—William Howard Taft.
Vice president—Alton B. Parker.
Treasurer—Herbert S. Houston.
Secretary—William H. Short.
Trustees—William Howard Taft, John Grier Hibben, Thomas N. McCarter.
Vice presidents—from Kansas:
A. A. Hyde, Wichita.
Frank P. MacLennan, Topeka.
Hon. Charles F. Scott, Iola.
Hon. Walter R. Stubbs, Lawrence.
William Allen White, Emporia.
Executive committee—from Kansas:
Governor Arthur Capper, Topeka.
Foster Dwight Coburn, Topeka.
National committee—from Kansas:
Stephen H. Allen, Topeka.
Mrs. H. O. Garvey, Topeka.
W. Y. Morgan, Hutchinson.
Dr. Frank Strong, Lawrence.

Chapter XX, tomorrow, will give a report of the Conference of Governors at Independence Hall.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XX.

Win the War for Permanent Peace—IV.

GATHERING OF GOVERNORS AND EX-GOVERNORS.

On Friday, May 17, there was a notable conference of governors, former governors and delegates appointed by governors to the convention.

The meeting was held in historic Independence Hall, in the hall above the room where the Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

In this same room indeed late in the afternoon of this conference, before moving picture operators, there was signed by delegates present representing thirty-four states of the American republic, a pledge of their utmost endeavor to "carry the war to a victorious end, to resist all compromise and repudiate all offers of peace that will leave Germany and her allies unchastened and unsubdued again to

menace the peaceful development of independent peoples and hinder the coming of a world ruled by justice."

The declarations recalled that "in this hall, 142 years ago, our fathers pledged to liberty their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. That liberty, the right of free peoples to control their own destinies, is now endangered by the forces of despotism and autocracy, with which we are at war.

"Three years ago in this hall the League to Enforce Peace was organized to urge a union of free nations against aggressive militarism. Today the free nations are unitedly fighting to vanquish the most ruthless aggressor of history.

"The issue is sharply defined. The free nations must by arms enforce a freeman's peace or liberty will perish from the earth.

"In the military triumph of the entente allies, and in the organization afterward of all the resources of civilization against militaristic aggression, lie our hopes for the future of mankind.

"To this goal there is only one way. It lies thru battle and bloodshed—to victory."

Endorsement came by telegram from many governors who were unable to be present.

At the gathering former President Taft presided. Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania extended greetings to the visitors on behalf of his state.

The delegates present at the convention were appointed by governors of states, by mayors of cities, by chambers of commerce and several other organizations.

At this conference of governors in Independence Hall there were present the governors, former governors and delegates appointed by the governors.

The following governors attended:

Gov. C. E. Milliken (R.), Maine.
Gov. T. W. Bickett (D.), North Carolina.

Gov. J. M. Cox (D.), Ohio.
Gov. M. G. Brumbaugh (R.), Pennsylvania.
Gov. R. I. Manning (D.), South Carolina.
Gov. B. S. Hurlbut, Vermont.
Gov. Ernest Lister (D.), Washington.
Gov. J. G. Townsend, Jr. (R.),, Delaware.
Gov. S. W. McCall (R.), Massachusetts.

Among the former governors attending were: United States Senator John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts; Henry Roberts, of Connecticut; Albert Gilchrist, of Florida; John Slaton, of Georgia; J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana; Edwin Warfield, of Maryland; Wm. Louis Douglas, of Massachusetts; Samuel Van Sant, of Minnesota; Judson Harmon, of Ohio; Charles Kimball and Lucius Garvin of Rhode Island.

The conference brought from Kansas that afternoon, delegates appointed by Governor Capper:

Hon. Frank Strong, Lawrence.
Mrs. H. O. Garvey, Topeka.
Frank P. MacLennan, Topeka.
J. C. Holland, Topeka.

At this notable gathering of governors and former governors from thirty-four states at Independence Hall, a clear cut, intelligent demand for a peace that would endure was uttered from the executives of states representing every section of the country:

Governor Thomas Bickett of North Carolina said: "We are in line. We have blotted out the Mason and Dixon line; Dixie will do her duty. The women of Dixie are in line and when this happens the men have to go along, too."

Governor Bickett did not repeat the famous remark that the governor of North Carolina is said to have made to the governor of South Carolina

upon a momentous occasion, but the North Carolina governor did tell this story in Independence Hall:

"Down my way there was a southernor who opposed the draft. We finally sent his son with these words: " 'When you fight, don't forget the folks at home. You're out to do two things; to give the Germans hell and remember your ma.' "

Turning to Mr. Taft, the governor reminded him of his injunction earlier in the day "to see it thru."

"The tar-heels will stick it out, Mr. President," pledged the governor of North Carolina. "In the words of John Paul Jones, 'We have not yet commenced to fight.' "

Then Governor Richard Manning of South Carolina came to the rostrum and said that in his judgment the mere use of the word "peace" as part of the name of the league is a matter of regret suggesting to former President William Howard Taft, president of the organization, that the body be re-named "The League to Prevent Tyranny."

"I think the whole country has come to realize that there is no more insidious word in the English language than peace," said Governor Manning. "On my way up here many people asked me whether we stood for peace. I told them we crystallized the sentiment of the country and shall endorse no peace until there is the right kind—a permanent peace."

Speakers at the conference pledged unfaltering service and faith to the country and the president, until such a peace is obtained. They translated the vision of democracy into world terms with the Monroe Doctrine extended to international dimensions. And having decided upon the ultimate issues, they dismissed all peace talk from present consideration, because, as United States Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, expressed it, "peace talk by the kaiser means nothing because we cannot believe him; his very breath is poisonous gas, and his thoughts are insane obsessions."

Governor Ernest Lister, of Washington, showed how the lumber industries of the northwest are contributing to the war with shipments that break

records for quantity and speed. How 40 per cent of the steel ships turned over to the government had been completed in the northwest; how wooden ships were launched in that territory at the rate of one a day and how enough lumber for 31,000 airplanes has been delivered this year to the federal government.

Governor Carl Milliken, of Maine, told how his state as a shipbuilding center had foreseen the need of boats early in the war and prepared for it.

Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, representing the middle west, which is the home of the airplane industry, predicted that a flying machine would cross the Atlantic before fall, to aid the navy in the destruction of Germany's warfare at sea. Governor Cox publishes the Daily News at Dayton, the home of the Wrights of aircraft fame. He characterized the 99 per cent of Ohio citizens who are German descent as "intensely loyal," but advocated that the vote be taken from aliens who are granted the franchise in five states.

"After the war this country will still be the refuge of the aliens," Governor Cox said, "but if they do not become citizens within a given time, send them back where they came from. New York harbors should be kept full of ships from now on, and to every man who loves another land better than this, we should say: 'Go back to Germany. We will pay the freight.'"

Governor Cox said he hoped that President Wilson and former President Taft will "both sit at the final peace conference in Berlin."

Taft was in a happy mood, a no unusual one, at this conference and the oratorical bouquets from the governors and ex-governors showered from the platform on the former president caused the meeting to become a pronounced personal ovation as well as a serious, effectual, momentous gathering to aid in the vigorous prosecution of the war as the only way to bring about permanent peace.

The continuation of this series covering what befell "The Kansan in New York," who was several days in Philadelphia, will appear for some time in the future, day by day, regularly as usual, and on Monday under the cap-

tion Chapter XXI, confirming the following announcement from "Pip" Daniels in "Kansas Notes," in Friday's Kansas City Star with the heading, as given below:

" 'To Be Continued.' "

" 'F. P. M., the dilettante writer of 'A Kansan in New York,' now being published in the Topeka State Journal, has safely got out of the home town and is traveling rapidly toward 'An Atlantic Port.' In the sixteenth chapter, printed this week, the writer has reached Philadelphia, and he gives a delightful account in two columns of his experiences, with the conversational details."

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXI.

Win the War for Permanent Peace.

V.

Three Kansas women were prominent at the Philadelphia Win-the-War-for-Permanent-Peace convention: Mrs. Arthur Capper, wife of the governor of Kansas; Mrs. D. W. Mulvane, member of the national women's council of defense; Mrs. H. O. Garvey, president of the Kansas State Federation of Women's Clubs.

A 9 o'clock breakfast was given one morning at the Bellevue-Stratford, presided over by Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland. At this breakfast Mrs. Garvey was present, was asked to respond to the toast, "Kansas and Patriotism," and did so with credit.

Two hundred thousand dollars was raised one day at the convention to promote the interests of the League to Enforce Peace; that is, permanent peace after the war is won. There were one contribution of $10,000, several for $5,000, quite a number for $1,000, a great many for $500 and very many for $100 each. The money was raised quickly.

One of the Kansas men was asked to aid in the campaign by distributing pledge cards thru the audience and collecting them to be forwarded to the rostrum. He was given handfuls signed. As fast as the cards were passed up they were read. When any name was read from Kansas there was considerable applause.

The campaign for the contributions was led by Mr. Charles S. Ward, who is a wonderful man for such work.

For years he has been employed by Y. M. C. A., lately Red Cross, and other organizations for raising funds. He has an attractive, compelling way about putting things and he does what is the main thing, gets results, and he gets them quickly; he makes the contributor thank him for the opportunity for contributing.

Mr. Ward said in his graphic way:

"And when the war is won the only result worth all the war has cost is a League of Nations, to make another such war impossible.

"It has been my privilege to work with the business and moral leaders of this country on many large funds, war funds of Catholics, Protestants and Jews; to plan the organization of the first Red Cross campaign, which produced $110,000,000 in cash for the relief of suffering, and to act as adviser in the second campaign, which will produce another $100,000,000 next week.

"I have spent my life in developing and financing the Y. M. C. A., whose war work ranks among the greatest achievements in the history of moral effort. I cannot be accused of any lack of enthusiasm for these great movements when I say that this organization to promote a League of Nations is the most important, the most urgent movement in the field of human endeavor today, and it asks for a mere pittance in comparison with the hundreds of millions so gloriously poured forth for the welfare of our soldiers.

"After all, what are these sums our splendid people have given compared with our resources? The actual savings of the people of this country for the year 1917, according to governmental reports, were $14,000,000,000.

"Suppose the war taxes should take $5,000,000,000 of this, and suppose voluntary gifts for war purposes should take another whole billion, we would not have touched half our savings, but we could afford to give all our savings, yes, and half our principal, rather than record the failure of this great enterprise destined to change the whole current of human history.

"Things are coming our way and we must keep them coming. The whole world, outside the Central Powers, is getting together, seeing eye to eye, touching heart to heart.

"No one knows how soon the council of nations may assemble—pray God it may be soon—but not so soon as to involve any compromise with the devil of military autocracy.

"To be ready involves persistent labor, continuous propaganda and the strengthening of our organization until it can safely undertake the utmost responsibility that it may be called upon to bear at that time when the destiny of the world for centuries to come is to be determined.

"Among all the moral issues of our generation none can compare with the right decision at the end of this war; first, to win the war, at whatever cost of blood and treasure—for what would life or treasure be worth in the hell of Prussian rule?"

The money asked for came forth.

The writer knew that he was likely to have trouble in securing accommodations in Philadelphia, so he wired a publisher friend there, who is better able both to conduct a newspaper and to secure rooms on such an occasion.

The Quaker city friend lives in a suburb called Germantown, altho he is the most loyal American possible. His paper does yeoman service for the cause. He has lost his eldest son in the war for world liberty.

His friend replied that in the hotel where a reservation was requested more than a thousand applicants had been refused rooms because there were no rooms, but he added in the telegram, "I have secured a good room for you in the Union League club which I think will be quite comfortable and meet your wishes."

It surely did. The Union League club, which has been referred to in a previous chapter, is an interesting institution, located in the heart of the city-a four story building running through from one street to another and

using all the floors for its own purposes.

The library for this one club is what might be called a "graid one." It seems to me almost as large as the Topeka city library. The selection of books appears to be most excellent. I did not know about the fine library until an argument came up between my friend, J. C. Holland, the architect, who was also a Kansas delegate, and myself, over the correct name of a noted artist. Mr. Holland made a

Union League Club in the Hear of Philadelphia.

reference to "Helen Bonheur, the famous artist." I said, "Helen Bonhur, who is she? I never heard of her.

"Why she is the artist who paited the 'Horse Fair.'"

I said, "You mean Rosa Bonheur. I know about her. She painted three originals of the 'Horse Fair,' and I have seen two of them, one in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and one in Paris."

"No, no, her name is not Ro, it is Helen."

"Well," said his fellow delegate from Kansas, "I am not a betting man; if I were I would be ashamed to take your money on such an easy

proposition; but suppose the loser pay for both breakfasts?"

The architect readily agreed to that.

This is where the library was looked up, came in, and the encyclopaedia decided who pays for breakfasts in Philadelphia.

The reader knows who would have paid, but as Holland claimed he had saved me from being short changed $1 by a dining car steward, altho I discovered it myself, not desiring to sever pleasant diplomatic relations with the architect of the State Journal building, we went fifty-fifty on the breakfast next morning.

In tomorrow's chapter, No. XXII, the writer will tell how he was for the first time in his life forced to use the services of a valet, how it came about and what the result was.

CHAPTER XXII.

Win the War for Permanent Peace.

VI.

At the Philadelphia convention there were so many notable addresses that it is pretty difficult to differentiate; but a few lines from the more prominent ones will probably not be out of place before this subject is dismissed.

The many and varied talks of former President Taft were on the whole the most interesting and the most effective. This seems to be true even considering the many big men who gave of their time and talents to attend and speak before the various meetings, luncheons and dinners of the Win the War for Permanent Peace convention.

"A peace that is a peace must be generous, democratic and permanent," declared John Sharp Williams, United States senator from Mississippi addressing the convention.

Senator Williams made many telling shots and hits. He boiled things down and struck the bull's-eye repeatedly. For instance, he said, on his subject, "The Only Peace Worth Having:"

"In the present war a real peace is to be found in a world treaty, promulgated by us, constituting the concert of Europe and America, and accepted by Germany and her vassal states.

"It is a lie that Germany is fighting the world.

"The unspeakable Turks, the brutal Bulgar and the Hapsburg medieval autocracy and the proud Hungarian aristocracy are on her side, as are more or less hiddenly, the autocratic and aristocratic forces everywhere on the earth.

" 'A peace which is a peace' must be, first, just; second, generous; third, democratic; fourth, permanent or promising permanency.

"It must remove, first, present occasions of war; second, the world temptation which invited war; third, all future recourse to new and barbarous war expedients.

"But a peace that is a peace must be logical. You cannot apply one rule to our allied races and another to our enemy races.

"The Germans in the Tyrol and in Austria have a right to be Germans and to belong to the German empire. Germany will then be stronger by addition of homogenous Germans and by subtraction of alien and unfriendly subjects, altho her dream of world domination and of industrial, military, naval and kultur supremacy will have been dissipated.

"This addition of the Germans to Germany will at one and the same time render the just peace of which I have spoken, a generous and even a magnanimous peace.

"Thus must we minimize the danger of recurrence of wars. But that is not all; a real peace treaty must also provide against war atrocities, if alas! now and then, some wars should come anyhow.

"How are the temptations of war to be removed? To remove them disarmament and arbitration must come.

"The treaty of peace, if a real treaty, should contain a provision that no country shall support an army of more than, say, 450,000 men trained for war. Even Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Serbia, Bulgaria, Rumania, each can and for the most part does keep that many men mobilized.

"The greatest nations—Britain, France, Germany, Japan, the United States—need no more unless they mean to be offensive—premeditated offense—are seeking advantage beforehand by the anticipated quick use of force.

"All that would follow is that none of them could by surprise murder a sleeping world, as Germany and Austria hoped to do and came so near doing.

"But is a treaty sufficient? No. There must be behind it what the lawyers so inappropriately call a 'sanction'—really a penalty—ultimately force; in a word, 'a league of nations' to enforce both the settlements or to break agreed promises must know that it will put itself 'beyond the place of the law.'

"In a word, an outlaw nation, like an outlaw individual, shall be arrested and penalized. This shall be the case if it dare go to war without first offering to leave points in controversy to fair and impartial arbitrament, or if, being at war, it shall perpetrate prohibited atrocities.

"That time will come virtually only when Germany and Austria vacate France and Belgium and Serbia, when Germany retires behind the Rhine and when the German reichstag—the kaiser by himself is not sufficient because we cannot believe him and his very breath is poisoned gas while his thoughts are insane obsessions—when the reichstag by solemn resolution asks what terms we propose.

"They know what our terms are. They are God's terms. Not Woden's, nor Thor's, nor Frey's, but our God's—the God of Right, which in the long run is Might—the God of justice and love, who being 'no respecter of persons' is also the God of human equality and fraternity and freedom.

"We will talk of it no more then even now, except academically, until somebody representing the German and Austrian peoples, not alone the insane kaiser of the one nor the vassal kaiser of the other—shall indicate their acceptance of what they know we shall propose."

I had heard for years of men who wore corsets and had valets, but until this trip I had been without personal experience covering the latter, and am still lacking in any adjustments covering the waist place embraced by the former.

This is the way it occurred, and there were two instances within a couple of weeks, strange as it may seem, covering a period of over fifty years when no such supernumerary found any occupation with me. As it may be another fifty years before such a thing happens again, it possibly will prove of interest to be recorded in this chapter, as it comes under both Philadelphia and New York.

I had always shied at the "Orders of Valets;" they did not seem democratic nor desirable to a party who lives in the west in the Sunflower state. The valet seemed to go with a tall silk hat, which also had been gen-

erally tabooed by my associates in my home state. Being a Republican in politics, altho democratic in tastes, I had thought that I could never come to this valet business. If the reader is surprised, the writer was more so.

This is the way it happened:

As the reader may recall, the writer stayed at the Friars' club until 11:30, his train for home leaving at 12:30 midnight. His steamer trunk and suitcase were only partially packed; time was fleeting.

You may have observed a notice in hotel rooms to this effect:

"If the guest desires the services of a valet to pack trunks, suitcases or otherwise give personal service, call for 'Valet.' "

Well, I had to give such an S O. S. call or surely miss the train.

The valet came promptly and he was fine. I told him to put this in the trunk and that in the suitcase. I also had a shawl strap around a bundle of newspapers which I had not fully read.

"Where shall I put these shaving things?" said he, coming out of the bathroom.

"Thank you," said I, "I would not like to have left those."

My little trunk and suitcase were bulging out something like the suitcases of two of my associate delegates a few days later at the Philadelphia convention, but neither one of my traveling appurtenances was stuffed quite to the bursting point, altho they were crowded and the valet had some difficulty in getting the several portions together.

After everything was strapped up the valet went thru the chiffonier and found a couple of neckties, three or four collars and a handkerchief. It was then after 12. There was no time

nor suitable place to take care of these odds and ends so I stuffed them in the pockets of a spring overcoat. The valet, or porter, hustled my trunk and other luggage down to the street, called a taxi; everything was loaded and we were off. Thanks to the valet, I caught that train by what is known to the street as "the skin of my teeth."

Later this haste caused me some grief and more money when I reached Washington to spend the day prior to taking the evening train for Chicago and Topeka.

Getting into Washington early in the morning and realizing the confusion and disordered condition of my things so hastily packed, I thought I must needs take a room. The reader who has been in Washington lately knows that rooms at a hotel are scarce as "hen's teeth;" they are hard to get and getting them comes high.

Registering at the Raleigh, at the same time hearing the clerk refuse rooms to others who came up to the counter, I boldly asked him for a room. He looked at me in blank amazement and said: "We have no rooms. You probably heard me refusing these other gentlemen ahead of you."

"Yes, I heard you all right, but I have got to have a room, but only need one until 5 o'clock. I don't care what kind of a room it is so it has a washbowl in it and a writing desk."

The clerk referred the matter to higher authority at his elbow, saying: "This gentleman just wants a room thru the day and is leaving at 5 o'clock."

"Give him 816," said the chief room clerk.

This proved to be a good room, looking down Pennsylvania avenue and over toward the Washington monument.

I repacked my things, did a little writing and went up to the capitol, listened to a lively debate a few minutes and called on Senator Curtis, Congressman Anthony and Uncle Joe as already detailed in a previous chapter.

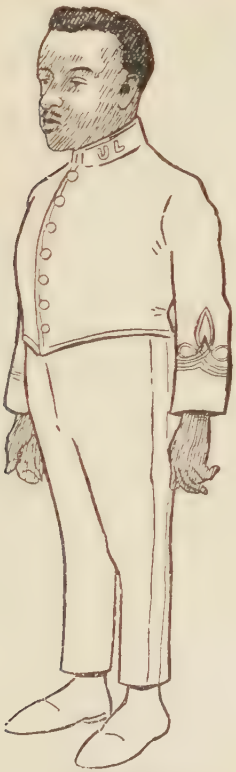
That evening coming back to the hotel I asked for the bill.

"Five dollars," said the clerk.

"Isn't that a little steep?" said the

day guest who had scarcely used the room and had not disturbed the bed.

"No," was the reply. "I am splitting with you on that room which is ordinarily $8." The Raleigh got the $5. The Raleigh is a mighty good hotel, but the next time, two weeks later, I had my mail sent to the New Willard.



The Valet.

I thought I was thru with valets, but not so. This second incident was at the Philadelphia Union League club. Everybody was most kind there. There was a printed card in the room to the effect that if the services of the valet were desired he was to be called over the 'phone; but I didn't call him. Still, when in my room, he was knocking at the door

every hour or so, asking if he could not be of some service to me. Finally, at midnight when about to take a train for New York hurriedly, coming from the "Allied War Dinner," and as usual with no time to spare, I saw I would have to get the aid of the valet in packing. He came promptly and was useful. Conversation ensued. I began it as follows:

"I came very nearly calling on you last night when I was getting ready for the Taft dinner. I had an awful lot of trouble getting dressed."

The rest of my family generally look after these little things, and lay everything out nicely, fully equipped, with the cuff-buttons, etc., all in; being alone there was nothing in but myself.

"What was the trouble, and why did you not call me?" said the courteous colored boy. "That's what I am here for?"

"Well, I finally got dressed, but it was hard struggling. I couldn't get those shirt studs in." They were large pearl ones. I had seen such large ones, I thought, on the fronts of various gentlemen, and thought they were all right. They were the kind that fasten the front of the shirt together and were both useful as well as ornamental.

"Why, those are your vest buttons," said the valet. "I would have had trouble myself in getting those large buttons into your shirt bosom." The particular white vest which I put on that night had stationary buttons, which are the kind to have when you are traveling alone. I had not discovered till then that I had been trying to do almost the impossible. I got to the dinner, but was somewhat flustered, and a little late for all of the reception, but nobody seemed to have discovered that large pearl vest buttons in the dress shirt are not all right; at least I overheard no invidious remarks.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Win the War for Permanent Peace.

VII.

Herbert S. Houston is the treasurer of the League to Enforce Peace, under whose auspices the Win the War For Permanent Peace convention was held in Philadelphia last month.

Mr. Houston is a Kansas man and at one time lived at Larned. Eighteen years ago he looked after the advertising of the Sheldon edition of the Topeka Capital. For many years he has been vice-president and an active manager of Doubleday Page & Company, who conduct Country Life and World's Work and publish a very large number of books at their unique printing establishment at Garden City, Long Island. He is a partner of Walter Page, the present American ambassador to Great Britain.

Houston is a forceful speaker. He said some good things at the meeting. Here is a paragraph or two from his talk:

He advocated the maintenance of a permanent peace thru the commercial alliance of a league of nations, saying:

"Let us reach out at once for one of the great fruits of victory, a league of free nations. Everyone is beginning to see that such a league, held together by the cohesion of a common cause, is fighting now for victory. When that victory is won it can be maintained only thru the united power of the league which wins it. Surely we are not pouring out blood and treasure for a barren victory, one that would be followed by defeat just as soon as the allies should separate and go their independent national ways.

"And right here is the place to lay emphasis on commerce as a cohesive and protective force even against the

mailed fist of militarism. I speak of commerce as standing for the resources and the whole industrial and commercial life of nations. In that broad sense look at the economic power the League of Nations would possess.

"By the collective control of economic power, the size of the mailed fist in any nation could be determined. For the nations in this league would possess the basic materials out of which war would be fashioned and waged. This would make it possible to control at the source the amount of armament a nation could develop.

"This superior economic power would be not only protective against the mailed fist, but it could be made aggressive and militant as well. The third proposal of our program provides for the use of the combined economic force of the signatory nations against another signatory that fails to take its case for hearing to the international courts.

"That economic force, resting on a preponderance of the world's basic materials for war, could be applied thru all the agencies of the modern world—the cable, the wireless, the postal union, the stock exchanges, the customs houses, the trade embargo—and it is difficult to see how any nation would be able to withstand it.

"An International Clearing House and an International Chamber of Commerce are essential agencies. There would come, beyond doubt, logically and quickly, the international organization and equipment the League of Nations would require to render its invaluable service to the world."

These chapters, dealing more or less with winning the war, contemplate both enlightenment and entertainment.

There is a question in the minds of many readers about the designations of the rank of officers in the army and the salaries they receive.

The other day a major was referred to as having a star on his shoulder. That is the indication of a brigadier general.

A major general has two stars.

A lieutenant general has three stars.
A colonel has an eagle.
A lieutenant colonel has a silver leaf.
A major has a gold leaf.
A captain has two bars.
A first lieutenant has a silver bar.
A second lieutenant has a gold bar.
A corporal has two inverted V stripes on sleeve.
A sergeant has three inverted V stripes.

The different branches of the service are indicated by metallic devices, generally on the coat collar:

Infantry, two crossed rifles.
Cavalry, two crossed sabres.
Field artillery, two crossed cannon.
Engineers, a castle.
Aviation, a globe with wings.
Signal corps, two crossed flags.
Ordnance, a flaming bomb.
Medical, a staff and serpents.
Quartermaster corps, an eagle on a wheel.
Musician, a bugle.

Here is some more information that will come in handy when you are among army men:

A squad, commanded by a corporal is eight men.
A platoon consists of three squads, commanded by lieutenants and first sergeant.
A company is four platoons headed by a captain.
A battalion is four companies officered by a major.
A regiment is three battalions with a colonel at the head.
A brigade is three regiments with a brigadier general commanding.
A major general commands a division which consists of three brigades of infantry and a brigade each of artillery, cavalry, engineers, signal corps and an aero squadron.

The salaries of officers in the army are as follows:

General	$11,000
Major general	8,000
Brigadier general	6,000
Colonel	4,000
Lieutenant colonel	3,500
Major	3,000
Captain	2,400
Lieutenant	2,000
Second lieutenant	1,700

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Machinery for Greater Efficiency—I.

During April, the month in which the writer was in New York City, General Leonard Wood, in speaking to the New York county women's Red Cross chapter regarding the winning of the war, said:

"We can win the war, but we cannot win it with a song, and we cannot go thru with a shout and a cheer. The continuance of any evidence of inefficiency in any department is treason."

This might apply especially to manufacturers, industrial concerns and the conduct of business generally.

In buying the large amount and varied expensive machinery purchased on the recent trip to New York, greater efficiency was the paramount idea.

The State Journal has given from its force and staff seventeen men. It has thus suffered in every department from the standpoint of conducting a newspaper, but the men who have gone into the army have been fine, capable men and the government has profited thereby.

This new machinery, recently purchased, part of it fully installed and the remainder to be in operation shortly, vastly improves the already good working conditions in this newspaper plant. It makes the labor easier and more comfortable. It may reduce slightly the number of people required, but in no sense will it throw people out of employment. There is a demand for every skilled workman in every department of a newspaper. There is no trouble for such a man or woman getting employment. The men who have gone from this office to the

war, when they return will find their places, or equally good ones, in readiness for them.

The new machinery concerned and the changes in methods involve the work in the stereotyping department, in the composing room and in the mailing room.

Fortunately for the conduct of this newspaper, the owner of the paper has worked in and about every department, mechanical, reportorial, editorial and business. There is one exception to this broad statement and that involves the stereotyping room. In his youth there was no such department in a newspaper as stereotyping; it was an unknown process and, of course, not practiced.

Stereotyping is a modern invention; that is to say, it was not in practice say thirty years ago. Papers in those days and earlier were printed direct from the type. Printing from the type, be it known, is no longer practiced in printing offices, except of the smaller sort.

There is a fascination about stereotyping that for years has attracted the writer almost daily into the stereotyping foundry, so he is not unfamiliar with the art from an observer's standpoint.

The stereotypers room is one of the hottest places on earth; in many offices it is dreadfully hot and can be compared in a sense with the boiler room of a steamship. In the State Journal's modern office however, the light and ventilation are far superior to such facilities in the average newspaper office; but even then it has been hot because of what is known as a steam table, a large hollow cast iron reservoir with a flat top and into which is forced steam at a pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch. This

steam table is hotter than a flat iron and radiates heat in great quantities. One New Jersey publisher who recently put in the Wood dry mat process says: "With the dry mat our stereotypers work with collars on. When steam tables were used it was unusual to see them with shirts on."

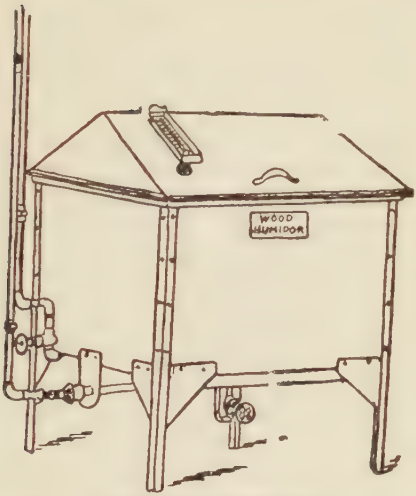
Until this week there has not been a day on which the State Journal was printed in the last twenty-five years when the steam table has not been going full blast. It was thought to be absolutely necessary to the stereotyping process and many newspapers still think it is. This daily paper is the only one in Kansas that is now operating by what is called the cold, or dry mat, process, requiring no steam table.

Since Monday the steam table has been cold, down and out, useless. The expensive piece of machinery is now out of commission. This is due to the Wood dry mat and the appliances that go with it. Until last week in this office, as at present in all of the other daily offices of the state, the matrices were made in a stereotyping room and producing the wet "mat." They are pressed moist into the type form of each page and then dried out under blankets and pressure and hot steam.

The dry mat is now purchased in New York and is shipped to Topeka ready for use. A few years ago, when the dry mat was considered in the experimental stage, the matrix was made in Germany, imported to this country and cost from twenty-five to thirty-five cents each. The State Journal uses an average of about thirty a day, one for each page and one for each time the page is changed or

made over for the various editions. Now these mats are made in this country, are better than they ever were before and cheaper. They cost now about sixteen cents each, delivered in Topeka.

While a little more expensive than what is known as the wet mat, there are various savings, gas for steam table, better plates are made from the dry mat and thus better printing results. There is a saving of from eleven to fifteen minutes in time. The type is



The Wood Humidor
Which "Conditions" the Dry Matrices or "Mats."

not heated and thereby the life of it lengthened. In making over the metal page for the different editions the metal is cold instead of hot and much more easily handled. There is a slight saving in white paper for the reason that the matrix shrinks a quarter of an inch to the page sidewise; it does not shrink up and down the columns.

An important process in the use of dry mats is the "conditioning" of the

matrices. This is done in what is called a Wood Humidor, an illustration of which is given in this column. It is gas connected and contains moisture blocks, and a thermometer for the purpose of regulating the required temperature in the humidor. It requires several days to "condition" the mats or matrices; about one hundred mats can be conditioned at a time. What is known as the cork blanket is important.

A machine known as the Wood scorcher is also necessary, but the scorcher has been in use in this office and certain other offices for some years in connection with the drying of the wet matrices.

The inventors and manufacturers of the dry mat are Benjamin Wood and Henry A. Wise Wood. The latter has been prominent in connection with war activities since the opening of the war and is a famous inventor of machinery used in connection with the printing of newspapers. Henry and Benjamin Wood are sons of Fernando Wood, former mayor of New York City.

Among the papers using the dry mat process are: The Des Moines Capital, San Antonio, Texas, Light; Waterville, Conn., Republican; Decatur, Illinois, Review; Rochester Union and Advertiser; Houston, Texas, Chronicle; Boston Record; Youngstown, Ohio, Telegram; Chattanooga, Tenn., News; El Paso Herald; Peoria Journal Transcript and the Minneapolis Tribune.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXV.

Win the War for Permanent Peace—VIII.

It was planned to make this chapter, Section II in the series of three articles entitled "Machinery for Greater Efficiency," but cuts of this machinery, which were ordered some time ago from the east, have not yet been received. On this account the other two chapters on the machinery topic will be deferred until the cuts or pictures arrive.

Meanwhile, another chapter may be written upon the subject "Win the War for Permanent Peace." The last chapter under that particular heading was Section VII and was printed under the title of Chapter XXIII on June 5.

Many of the readers may think that this war has been won; that is, on paper, many times already, thru the several columns on this subject, ejected from these batteries, camouflaged to be sure, under the innocent title of this serial now running, entitled "A Kansan in New York," New York being a term for the east generally and covering, in this particular instance, the city of Philadelphia. That last named place known as the home of our original Quaker, William Penn; but during the week in question the rendezvous of many governors, a former president and other belligerents of the most pronounced type, whose presence at Independence Hall made the statue of William P., out in front, look with amazement upon those gathered about and within the sacred walls of the building which became the cradle of our liberties and today is

a landmark of much respect and interest to all who visit the Quaker City.

One of the interesting features of this war-like League to Enforce Peace convention was a noon-day service at Philadelphia's crack hotel, the Bellevue-Stratford, the Waldorf-Astoria of Philadelphia, and owned and operated by the way, by the same people. This interesting meal and the addresses following it constituted what was known as the "Get-Together Lunch-

eon." It was managed, conducted and promulgated under the auspices of W. R. Boyd. Mr. Boyd is quite well acquainted with Topeka and Topekans, having visited this city a number of times, and attended frequent meetings of committees and members of the Topeka Chamber of Commerce.

He is known as the campaign manager of the League to Enforce Peace. His former headquarters were at Kansas City, Mo., but he is now located at the general headquarters of the league, No. 70, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

There were probably sixty or seventy at this luncheon. It did not cost so much, nor was it as elaborate as many eastern functions of this character have been. It was to that extent in harmony with the modesty of the gentleman who got it up and whose idea it was. It was Hooverized both materially and mentally, everything easy to digest and on the conservation order.

Mr. Boyd himself made what might be called a "cracker-jack" speech. It was, of course, on the subject at hand and was a piece of poetical prose dealing in practical efforts to bring about permanent peace.

The writer was called upon to make a talk outlining what Kansas has done for the league and how she has done it. It is unnecessary to unload this speech upon the innocent reader of these lines, if he reads them; sufficeth it to say, however, that there was considerable applause, undoubtedly in admiration of the way Kansas had been doing things, rather than any voice of approval of how the tale was told.

One of the most interesting incidents of this luncheon was this one:

The tables were round ones seating eight each. Next to the writer was a fine looking gentleman who introduced himself by saying: "My name is Chase, of Boston." The response to this was: "My name is MacLennan, of Topeka."

"Do you know Harold Chase of Topeka?"

"I certainly do. He and I have been in the newspaper business in that city for a great many years. He is on the morning paper and I am on the evening paper."

"Well, he is my brother."

His full name, I learned by referring to the alphabetical seating list of the luncheon, was Harvey Stuart Chase. He is an accountant and I judge a good one for I learn that he has done big things in auditing. I was told, not by himself, that he outlined and got into operation the first budget system ever introduced at the White House. That was under President William H. Taft, who was presiding over these various meetings in Philadelphia.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Machinery for Greater Efficiency—II.

Hand-set type for news matter went out, so far as daily papers were concerned and important weekly ones, when the linotype came into general use some years ago.

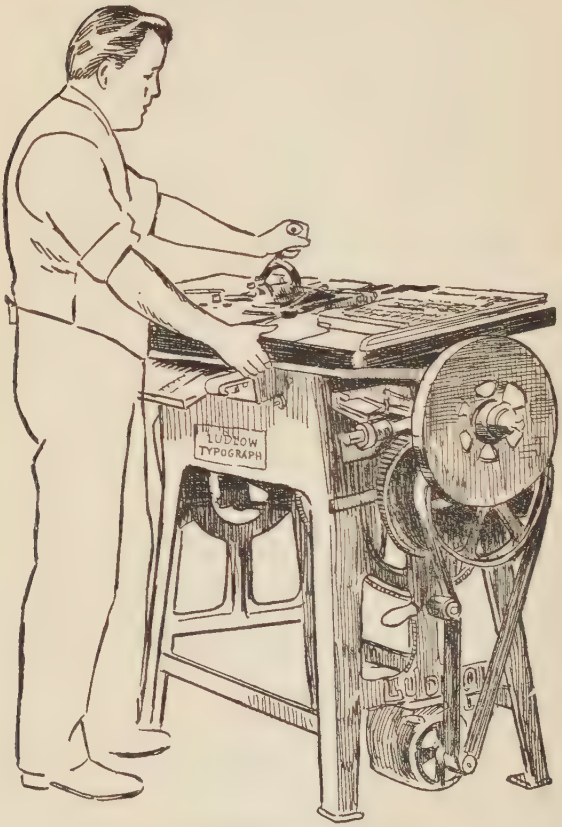
At first no headings, or only small ones, were set on the machine, just the straight, plain news matter or advertisements of a legal or solid character.

Later came the headings and the larger size matrices, the channels in which they ran and the molds which cast the slugs constituting the base of the letters, were made larger; now and for several years it has been possible to set on the typesetting machines, or Mergenthaler linotypes as they are called, every line which appears on the first page of this paper today, headings and all, the title line in old English, "The Topeka State Journal," being the only words on the page not set on the linotype machines.

This expansion of the linotypes for news meant also that a large amount of advertising would also be set upon the linotypes. This has been done, of course.

There still remained, however, large display lines, and even the larger faces in the body of the display advertising which were set by hand. Reference is made here to such lines as appear in the advertisements today of Pelletier's on the third page, Crosby Bros., on the last page, and the display advertising of other merchants using larger than news type or the largest type set upon the linotype machines.

During the last week or more nearly all of the body display "ads" appearing in the State Journal has been set on linotypes as has been customary for some years, but in addition thereto the larger display lines, referred to above, have also appeared, not in in-



The Ludlow Typograph.

dividual letters set by hand, but in slugs or solid lines cast by what is known as the Ludlow Typograph.

Two of these machines were purchased by the writer during his visit to New York in April. They were

promptly shipped and received and for the last three weeks Mr. S. G. McAninch, an expert from the factory of the Ludlow company, whose selling agents are the Mergenthaler Linotype company, has been in Topeka constantly, day after day, installing the "Ludlows" and instructing the printers in the ad room how to assemble the matrices and operate the typographs.

On Friday the typographs being in good running order and the men sufficiently acquainted with them to manage and operate them with some skill and speed, the machines were accepted and Mr. McAninch left the city on other business for the Ludlow company.

Like all new machinery, there will be some delays and some troubles develop from day to day, but the efficiency will gradually and constantly increase.

While nearly every line is now set in slug form, no matter what its size and cast by machinery there are still a few words and a few lines in the paper of display advertising which are set by hand by the assembly of individual types or letters.

Two specialties of the greater efficiency of a newspaper office by the possession of the Ludlow Typographs are due to two facts: First, that unlike the setting of individual type in display advertising where the typograph casts the letters, words and lines, there is no distribution. The slugs are simply remolded and cast over again into new words and new lines. Second, the type is new every day and consequently clearer and sharper, presenting a more beautiful appearance.

The two typographs purchased by the State Journal are sufficient to take care of as much as 135 columns of

display advertising each day. The State Journal on its biggest days now rarely carries over fifty or sixty columns of advertising, and outside of Friday's paper the display advertising will not average to exceed thirty columns.

To be sure, the State Journal thinks it should carry more display advertising, but for some reason, while the rates for advertising in Topeka are much lower than in cities and papers of the class Topeka occupies, the amount of display advertising carried by the merchants is notably less. Newspapers about us at Kansas City, Sioux City, Des Moines, Duluth, Davenport, St. Joseph, Hutchinson and Atchison carry more display advertising than the Topeka papers do. It is unfortunate but nevertheless true. In Topeka there are few advertisers that might be classed as large advertisers: there are several but not many who are in practically every day with generally what might be called large spaces.

A big practical advertiser in a newspaper regrets that there are not more big advertisers. He is not selfish about it; he does not want a monopoly of the big ads. This is the way he reasons: if his competitors take big spaces similar to his own, it will make more business, not only for them, but for him because he will take his chances if the Topeka merchants get together with big spaces to bring the people of Kansas to our splendid stores in Topeka rather than let the Kansas City papers have almost a monopoly of big advertising every day, inducing Kansas people to go to Kansas City instead of Topeka. But time will probably teach our merchants to be what is termed more liberal advertisers. The more big advertisers

there are in a town and the more constantly they keep hammering away at the people of Kansas who read the Topeka papers, the more the business of Topeka merchants will expand and grow.

The outside circulation of the Topeka papers in Topeka trading territory is larger than the local circulation, large as it is. The Topeka circulation and advertising are not sufficient, in either the Capital or State Journal, to pay the expenses of producing and publishing the paper. It takes outside subscribers and advertisers to even meet this great expense. One reason for this is Topeka papers are better, and consequently more expensive to issue, than dailies printed in even larger cities—but would the Topekan have our standards reduced?

The Ludlow typograph is a pioneer invention; it is claimed to be the most noteworthy improvement made in many years in the composing of display type. It is a finished, substantial and perfect machine It has completely proven its versatility and satisfaction-giving qualities in at least the larger newspaper composing rooms.

The picture given with this article shows the Ludlow Typograph in operation.

True simplicity characterizes the Ludlow Typograph, which is now introduced for the first time in a daily newspaper office in Kansas. This simplicity of construction and operation is such that it is very easily comprehended. Its use is not limited by the ability of any one operator; every compositor in the shop has access to the typograph, making use of it as his individual need for display type arises. The matrices are plainly indexed so

that the compositor may immediately locate any desired face.

The Ludlow system embodies no radical departure from the fixed principles of typesetting familiar to every compositor. The machine is so easily understood that the printer requires only brief instruction in its operation. The Ludlow matrices are substantially made of solid brass and are practically indestructible.

There is a large saving in floor space since our installation of the Ludlows. A large number of bulky type cases, frames, storage cabinets and sort boxes have been removed out of the composing room to the store room. These frames, cabinets and equipment were of the very best steel construction, but were of use only for hand composition and are now useless in the State Journal office.

In putting itself in the line of progress in the conduct of a daily newspaper, the State Journal has joined a number of the largest and most progressive newspapers in the country in installing the Ludlow Typograph.

The Cleveland, O., Press has the same number, two, of typographs as in the State Journal composing room, yet the Cleveland Press averages daily 135 columns of display advertising. To be fully equal to the facilities of the Cleveland Press and the 135 columns a day, the State Journal needs purchase no more Ludlow Typographs, simply additional matrices.

Among the other newspapers which have installed the Ludlow are: Indianapolis News, San Francisco News, the San Antonio, Texas, Daily Light, Portland Oregonian, Cincinnati Post, Toledo News-Bee, Chicago News and the Philadelphia North American.

Here is another instance where Kansas leads: on Friday last one of

these chapters explained the dry mat system of stereotyping and gave an account of the State Journal installing last week the first dry matrix system used by any daily newspaper in Kansas without the use of wet matrices or steam table for any page of the paper.

Today's chapter tells, as above, of the first installation by any Kansas daily newspaper of the Ludlow Typograph system, doing away with the setting or distribution of individual types in display advertising.

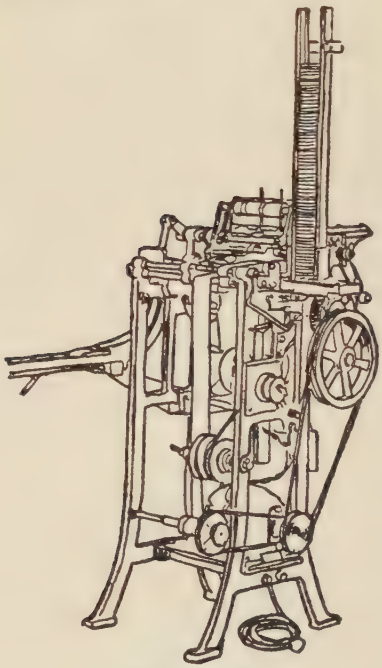
Tomorrow, or some day soon, a chapter will describe the introduction and operation by this paper of the Cox Multi-Mailer mailing system, something most efficient, the first machinery of the kind to be installed by any Kansas newspaper and the same machine as that used by the New York Times and the Chicago Tribune in taking care of its outside mail circulation.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

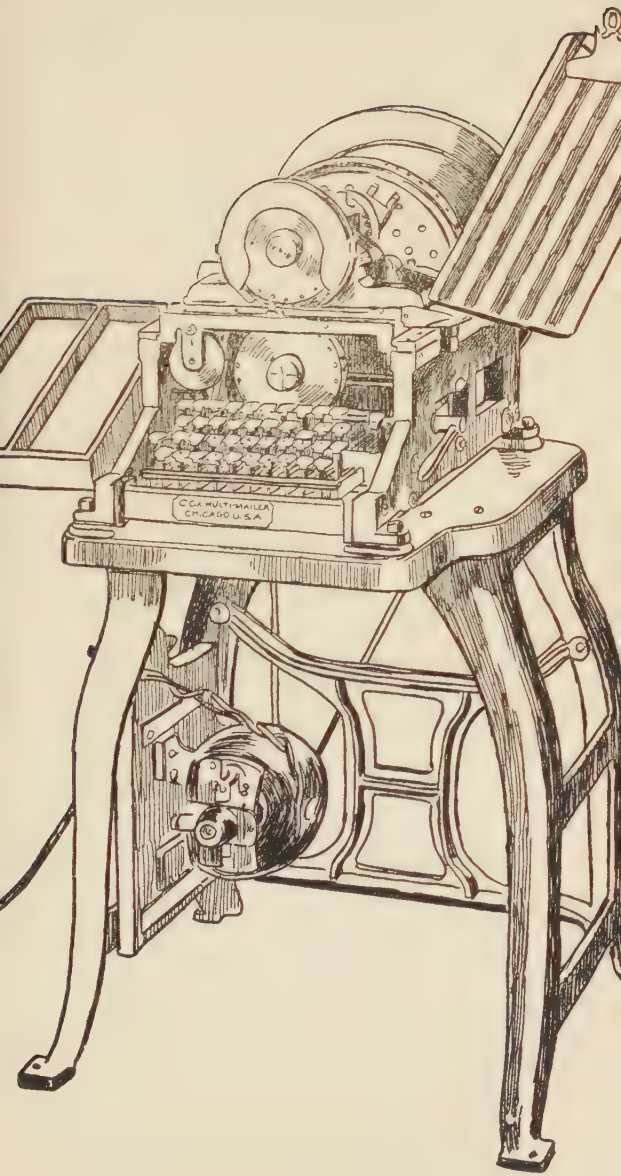
Machinery for Greater Efficiency—III.

The last chapter and also one before dealt with new machinery purchased in New York in April and already installed in this office; namely, the Ludlow Typographs and the Wood dry mat equipment.



The Proofer.

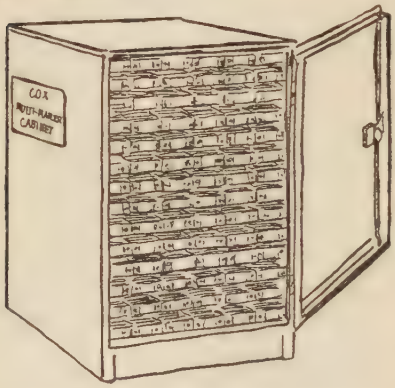
Today's chapter deals with the Cox multi-mailer. This machinery has been working efficiently in the State Journal office for about four weeks, in preparation for changing the system of mailing State Journals and handling the outside circulation. It



The Cox Multi-Mailer.

has required the use of two new machines and four or five people daily to change our large mail circulation from the old system over to the new.

The change has not yet been made as everything is not in entire readiness. There is a large amount of detail to it and every subscriber's name must be stenciled on the middle of a zinc metal strip; also his full address and the date to which his subscription has been paid.



The Cox Multi-Mailer Cabinet.

This preliminary work is nearly done, and during the next week or ten days the paper will be mailed under the new process. The complete name, address and date covering each subscriber will then be printed upon every paper, no matter whether it is upon what is called a "single wrapper" or whether the paper goes in a package.

If a package should burst in the mail and become lost the subscriber will get his paper just the same without delay as the complete address is stamped on each paper.

The machinery and material in use for this purpose is listed as follows:

The Cox Multi-Mailer, or typograph;

the plate; the cabinet; the proofer; the galleys, galley locks, etc.

The mailer or typograph is like a huge typewriter. It has the universal keyboard. It is heavy, weighing 316 pounds, covers a floor space of four feet square, and is in size about two feet wide, two feet deep and four feet high. It has a speed of about eighty-four line plates, or addresses, per hour. Each plate is a stamped impression of each address, giving name, street, city and date to which the subscriber has paid.

Expiration dates may be changed at the rate of six a minute. Any typist can operate this machine.

The plate is of zinc, an inch wide, two and one-half inches long, and two one-hundredths of an inch thick. The letters and characters are of the ordinary typewriter face. Four lines can be put on each plate, and eighteen plates may be stacked within one inch of space.

Each plate carries full information, including name, address, expiration date, route, serial numbers and other data. The entire plate may be rewritten once, and changes of date may be made from six to eight times.

The cabinet is of sheet steel, a neat piece of furniture, cubical in shape, 4 feet wide, 4 feet long and 4 feet high. It weighs when filled about 635 pounds. It holds eighty-four galleys containing 30,000 plates, one plate for each subscriber. It is mounted on revolving roller casters, is easily moved from place to place, is fireproof and fitted with lock and key.

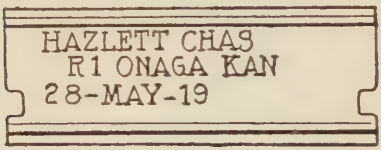
The galleys are of sheet steel 2¾ inches wide, 24 inches long and not quite one-half inch deep. Each galley has room for about 400 plates or names.

The Cox Multi-Mailer system turns

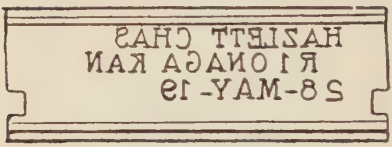
on the multi-mailer metal plate described above. The plates are filed on the edge and work like a card index and read the right way.

The cuts in this article are pictures of the Cox Multi-Mailer plate maker, or addressing machine, a proofer and plates.

The proofer is used in printing the names while the plates are fed automatically into the machine. It prints these addresses at the rate of 12,000 per hour, on a continuous roll of paper nine inches in diameter and one and seven-eighths inches in width, each roll having a capacity of approximately 20,000 addresses or subscribers.



OBVERSE SIDE.



REVERSE SIDE.

The Address Plates.

The addresses when printed on the roll are fed thru Dick mailing machines and stamped directly on the papers, then mailed to subscribers.

Mr. H. M. Pierce of Chicago has been in Topeka several times during the past thirty days installing this machine and instructing those who operated it.

The following named young women have been at work, under the supervision of Albert Miller, circulation

manager, on the installation of this system during the past thirty days: Miss Ruth Down, Mrs. Thomas H. Parry, Jr., Mrs. Glenn Manuel, Miss Verna Wolgamot, and Miss Eugenie Stauffer.

This installation is the first of its kind in any Kansas newspaper office and is the same system in use on the Chicago Tribune, which styles itself "the world's greatest newspaper," and upon the New York Times, which is conceded by its readers to be one of the world's great newspapers.

The officers of the Cox Multi-Mailer company are Delavan Smith, Indianapolis, president; Wm. Ayer McKinney, vice president and general manager; C. P. Abbey, secretary and treasurer; Victor F. Lawson, of the Chicago News, chairman of the board of directors; H. M. Pierce, salesman.

The general offices of the company are 817 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Revision of Cook Books.

In the original "Table of Contents" covering this proposed work entitled "A Kansan in New York," Chapter IX, scheduled to appear Monday, May 20, was called "The Revision of Cook Books." This chapter has not been written until today. It was deferred from time to time on account of new developments and new incidents, among which were those which brought about the chapter on James Gordon Bennett and the eight or ten chapters upon "Win the War for Permanent Peace," and "What Happened in Philadelphia.

There remain for possible publication continuously with this series a chapter on "The American Newspaper Publishers' Association," "The Wyandottes," and "Camp Mills and Camp Merritt."

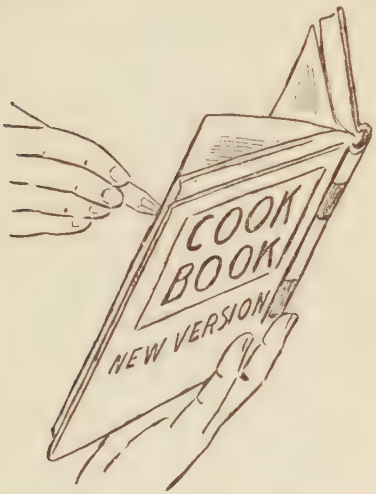
Now for the chapter on "The Revision of Cook Books."

During his recent trip to New York and Philadelphia describing what befell the writer, the most notable and striking observations come from the remarkable change in the materials used for and in foods and the preparation thereof.

Apparently never before was so much fish eaten; cereals are on the bill of fare oftener and consumed in larger quantities, cooked in greater variety. Wheat flour in the east has almost entirely disappeared, partially so in the west, not so much, however, the grain being conserved for the army and navy. Sugar has been greatly curtailed for sweetening in recipes. Liquors were

never so severely tabooed nor consumed in such small quantities. Many banquets at which wines, champagne and various decoctions of that which inebriates are no longer served or milder substitutes are used. Non-intoxicating drinks at meals and at bars are becoming almost universal; grape juice, cherryade, orangeade, malted milk combinations, with or without eggs, are everywhere in evidence.

Cake and pastries are less frequent on menus and on the tables.



Bread and butter portions are smaller and served but once. If more bread or butter is requested the waiter politely says: "It is against the rules, it is not conservation."

For sweetening purposes and in the recipes molasses is substituted for sugar and maple sugar is used on cereals and on icings for cake. Syrups are substituted for sugar and butter

New things appear on bills of fare and at the family table. For instance, at a dinner to which the writer was invited in New York City, a new kind

of bran muffins was served; also a Vermont ginger bread and there was discussion about "curried tripe" and "calf brains" and nut butters and sweet breads at this dinner. Recipes were given for a number of these "dishes," and for the benefit of the reader they are recorded herewith.

A number of these recipes had been followed by the New York lady giving the dinner and the resulting products tried out with great success on the Kansan who was the only gentleman present:

BRAN MUFFINS.

2 cups bran,
1 cup flour,
1 teaspoon soda,
1¼ cups sour milk,
½ cup molasses,
Pinch of salt.

Sift the flour, salt and soda together, add bran, then the milk and molasses. Bake in hot oven about one-half hour. If have no sour milk use sweet milk and stir soda and molasses.

ABOVE HOOVERIZED.

1 cup bran,
1 cup cornmeal,
1 cup buckwheat.

Prepare as above. Add raisins or nuts if desired. The above was "OK'd" when Hooverized, by Mrs. Homer Dunn, 160 Central Park West, New York City, formerly residing at 933 Madison street, Topeka, Kan., but living in New York City for the past sixteen years.

VERMONT GINGER BREAD.

2 cups flour,
1 cup sugar,
1 cup sour milk,
1 cup chopped raisins,
1 egg,
4 tablespoons melted butter,
2 tablespoons molasses.
1 dessert spoon cinnamon,
1 teaspoon mixed spices,
1 teaspoon salt,
1 teaspoon soda.

Mix sugar, molasses, butter, salt and spices. Add egg well beaten and sour milk. Sift flour and soda into mixture. Add raisins and beat two minutes. Bake forty minutes in slow oven.

BAKED BANANAS.

To take the place of meat: Peel and lay in pan with a little butter, sugar or maple syrup and the juice of one lemon. Bake for twenty minutes until brown.

CURRIED TRIPE.

Cook tripe, 1½ pounds, soaked in cold water one hour. Wash carefully and cut in two or three pieces, then put in cold salted water and boil forty minutes; then plunge in cold water and set away. Then when cold cut tripe into inch squares and add tomato sauce and cook five minutes.

TOMATO SAUCE.

A good tomato sauce for above and other purposes is made as follows: Use a large can tomatoes, one large onion, tablespoonful sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Boil forty minutes; sugar in first, then one teaspoonful currie powder. Stir in a little water, cupful of chicken gravy or stock or any good gravy.

CALF BRAINS.

Wash carefully. Soak in cold water one hour. Don't boil but fry slowly forty minutes in Crisco or one-half butter and one-half Crisco, or nut butter. Set away till ready for use; then cut as desired and serve with tomato sauce. Note: tripe and brains are not usually cooked enough.

SWEET BREADS.

Let stand in cold water for an hour, then put in fresh cold salted water and let come to boil slowly and simmer for forty-five minutes. Remove and plunge in cold water and wipe dry and leave in refrigerator until wanted. Cut in half, use two strips of bacon, and boil. Serve on hot toast. Do not use cornmeal.

On bills of fares such printed paragraphs as these are noticeable:

"This hotel is a member of the United States Food Administration."

"Eat pleaty—Eat wisely—but without waste."

"Food will decide the war."

"Save the wheat

"Save the fats

"Save the sugars

"Save the milk

"Save the fuel

"For your soldiers at the front need them all."

"Buy W. S. S., war saving stamps, issued by the United States government. The United States Food Administration license No. B. 03529."

This at the good Hotel Martinique, New York.

"No bread and butter served at this dinner unless ordered."

The use of brandy in mince pies, the burning of brandy on plum puddings, the use of beer in Welsh rarebits, are no longer "the things to do," in a culinary way, or at social dinner and supper parties.

"Variety," as the saying goes, "is the spice of life." It also adds zest to that which sustains life: food.

The writer has always taken great interest in the culinary art—particularly as a consumer of what this art produces. Every reader of this paper will doubtless be in entire accord with this proposition, altho every reader is sure not to be a chef or a cook.

I have often thought of compiling or writing a cook book, as from time to time I have taken exceptions to the manner of producing the food that has been sometimes set before me. This Cook Book of mine, however, as yet is like Sary Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris. If you happen not to know Mrs. Harris, her theories and actions, consult Dickens' Martin Chuzzlewit on the proper page of the proper chapter

of that interesting novel, wherein that author depicts certain views on his observations in America.

Be that as it may, if this alleged cook book is ever written the tried and tested recipes in today's Chapter XXVIII are going into that volume, which may or may not be called, "Compilations of a Cook."

The writer claims, however, to be something more than a consumer of foods: he has concocted some of them. Last Sunday he prepared three meals, producing on his farm a considerable amount of the raw material, including the fish. There were no ladies present; had there been the meal doubtless would have been both better prepared and served. However, the gentlemen there demonstrated that they were patrons of the clean plate; in fact, after the three feasts there was great difficulty in finding enough for the dog and the cat.

The writer does not pretend to be a chef, or even a cook of any pretensions; herein he differs from his friend David W. Mulvane, the chairman of the recent Red Cross drive in this county and formerly a member of the Republican national committee. It is understood, however, that in preparing a meal Mr. Mulvane is both a patron and a master of the chafing dish, while the writer, when he is in the kitchen, deals mainly with the boiling pot, the frying pan and the stewing utensils.

All of which contained in this chapter as above set forth lead up to two things: first, Cook Books need revision, and need it "bad," which the caption and text of this article imply; second: the end of this chapter on "The Revision of Cook Books."

This now follows: Q. E. D. This is more plainly evident in view of the fact that current cook books, long held sacred from one mother to her daughter and running thru the generations, are no longer up to date—quite the contrary with their high seasoning, with the rum and other liquors prescribed, with the extravagant use of wheat flour and fats and sugars and allspice from the ends of the earth.

In a word the Cook Books of yesterday should be used for fuel to produce food according to these newer, war time recipes.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Table of Contents (Revised).

The original "Table of Contents," as printed when the first chapters of this work, "A Kansan in New York," appeared, has been materially changed and added to, to such an extent that a new "Table of Contents" seems advisable with the corresponding dates, past, present and future, of the respective chapters.

As there is a demand for back numbers, naming certain chapters in which the reader seems to be interested, this table and the dates are accordingly given. A reasonable number of copies containing chapters already printed can be supplied for three cents each, unless the issue be Saturday, for which five cents is charged. If the copies are to be sent by mail, an extra cent to cover postage should accompany the request.

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A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXX.

Camp Mills and Camp Merritt.

Camp Mills and Camp Merritt are just outside of New York City, the former fifteen miles eastward on Long Island at Garden City; the latter about the same distance north by west across the Hudson river over in New Jersey.

These camps are both used by the government for the assembly of troops to go overseas. Sometimes the soldiers remain there a month or two, again only a few days. A large number of Kansas boys at different times have been at both camps, both of which the writer visited on his trip to New York the last week in April. He has a wealthy friend who has a fine automobile. It is reputed to have cost $9,000 and looks it.

The offer of this car to go to Camp Mills was accepted and Col. John S. Dean invited to go along. Dean is the Topeka lawyer who gave up his practice to accept a salary of less than half his income in order to serve his country. He was assigned to the judge advocate's department at Leavenworth; later transferred to New York, promoted to be a lieutenant-colonel and made chairman of the commission which appraises property commandeered by the government.

In Thursday's State Journal there was an Associated Press dispatch announcing that President Wilson had taken over 2,200 acres near Washington to be used for naval purposes. Chairman Dean with his commission will appraise this property and determine what is a just price to pay for it.

We set forth early one Saturday afternoon. It was a beautiful day

such as that described by George Herbert when he said:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright:
The bridal day of earth and sky."

It was less than an hour's ride to our destination. We went over smooth

A Kansas Soldier.

hard-surfaced roads, by attractive country homes and farms that looked almost too good for corn and potatoes.

The automobile had various appliances for comfort and convenience: there was an ash tray which came in handy; there was a speaking tube which went from the rear seat of the two occupants of the closed car, the other terminal being near the ear of the driver. We came to a smart village.

"This must be Jamaica," said I, picking up the mouthpiece of the tube to inquire of the chauffeur.

"Yes, this is Jamaica," said the driver as we slowed down to avoid arrest.

Jamaica is the railway junction of the Long Island railroad, one branch leading northwestward over to Oyster Bay, the other eastward to Garden City and Camp Mills.

The railway station for Camp Mills is "Country Life," for right there is the unique and wonderful printing house, with its evergreen settings and pool, which turns out the well printed periodicals and thousands of books issued by Doubleday, Page & Company, including "Country Life in America" and "World's Work," the Page of which concern is Walter Page, ambassador to Great Britain. Herbert S. Houston, formerly of Kansas and active in the League to Enforce Peace, is vice president.

As we approached the camp I first saw more than one aeroplane in the air at the same time; there were four and they swooped over the grounds, circling round and round, now in the distance, now above us, like huge graceful birds, reminding one of the gulls which follow a ship at sea, or on the lakes, when debris from dining room and kitchen is going overboard.

The uniform and the gold maple leaf on the shoulder of my companion gave us ready access to the camp and the headquarters buildings. It being

customary for a civilian to also acknowledge salutes to the officer with him, I found my arm and hand working not infrequently, up and down like a pump handle, with the forefinger of my open palm touching the brim of the hat at the upward stroke.

Much to our disappointment, Maj. Gen. Charles 1. Martin, in command of the 35th division and the Kansas boys with him were not there. They were on the Atlantic, and shortly thereafter landed safely in France. There were only two Topekans in the camp, Hugh Crawford and Marshall Hite. We had a pleasant call on the latter, failing to see the former.

Regretting that we had missed the Kansas soldiers, and being told that there were quite a number of them at Camp Merritt, we decided to visit the latter place on the following afternoon, which was Sunday.

A friend of Colonel Dean supplied the automobile this time. Mrs. Dean and Morrison, the son, were along. It was another fine day. We went up thru Central Park and out along the charming Riverside Drive, just above the river. Colonel Dean had taken an apartment on this drive, No. 39 Claremont avenue.

Parenthetically, I might say that it looks to me as if Colonel Dean were spending more than his salary from the government, in living in the metropolis. Fortunately he must have something laid by for not only a rainy day but for days in the service in New York. I know the colonel is working hard, not only days, but nights; but he seems to have his Saturday afternoons and Sundays off.

We kept going along up the Hudson, by Harlem at 125th street, passing the cross streets, which were the numbered ones, going on up to 191st street,

the end of the subway and where the car was driven onto a ferry and taken to the opposite shore, just under the majestic palisades. A granite paved, zig-zag highway has been constructed, opened for traffic not long ago, up along the face of the palisades. At the top, we were about four miles from our objective point, and drove over good roads thru an interesting country and several villages.

Camp Merritt differs materially from Camp Mills. The latter is in a flat country, almost treeless. The shelter is mainly of tents with clay floor, altho there are some low wooden buildings, boarded just above the ground.

At Camp Merritt the ground is high, rolling and wooded; a forest. Trees seem to have been cut away to provide for the buildings which are wooden, some of them two stories.

At both camps there was every indication of excellent sanitation.

The Topeka boys seemed glad to see us; and by the way, the next day they were gone. They were a cheerful crowd and much pleased to get some Topeka papers of which we had a supply.

Among the boys there we saw: Several State Journal carriers—two of them brothers named Bruce, Thomas and Charles. The latter is 19 years old, and six months ago was carrying Route 46, near Tenth and Morris. Thomas formerly carried Route No. 30, in the Seabrook neighborhood.

William Kinkle, son of John Kinkle of the Kansas Public Utilities commission, said: "You tell my father I am fine." All of the boys seemed happy and contented.

I wanted to see Lindsay Osborn, commonly called "Doc," whose father is W. L. Osborn of Wichita. I found "Doc," who seemed to be popular with his comrades. He was in the lavatory building and as he came out the door to give greeting, apologized for having his face covered with lather, shifting his razor to his left as he shook hands with his right. John

Elliott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliott, was in the crowd light-hearted and cheerful. V. R. Egan, who a few months ago was a clerk at the Throop hotel, was glad to see us. He wanted to be remembered to Captain Joe Wilson and Matt Weightman.

Other Kansas boys who were there were: George Chandler, son of the late state architect; E. J. Terrill, whose mother is a teacher in the Topeka public schools; A. G. Baker, son of Mrs. L. L. Baker; Ralph Omar, who lived at 1625 Buchanan street; LeRoy Anderson, whose mother is Mrs. B. V. Anderson, 1607 Fillmore street.

Capt. Arlin Hudson, Lieutenant Tillotson, Lieutenant Beauchamp, who pronounces his name "Beecham," Lieutenant Grove, Sergeants Baker and McIntyre and Corporal Light were among the other Kansas boys who several weeks ago set foot for the first time upon European soil and in the good cause of liberty and democracy.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Fac simile patriotic metal bar worn by members A. N. P. A., in colors representing American, British, French and Italian flags.

Aside from the annual meeting of the Associated Press held the latter part of April, the writer went to New York on this memorable trip, which is now on its thirty-first chapter, to attend the annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, held the same week of the meeting of the Associated Press and on the following three days.

This organization meets every year during the fourth week of April at the Waldorf-Astoria. The association is the most important business organization of publishers of daily newspapers in the world. It was organized in 1887, incorporated in 1897 and reincorporated in 1913.

The personnel of its membership includes most of the important newspaper publishers of the United States and Canada, numbering in all 500 members.

The president, elected at this meeting, is Frank P. Glass of the Birmingham, Ala., News; George McAneny of the New York Times, vice president; John Stewart Bryan of the Richmond, Va., News-Leader was re-elected secretary; E. P. Call of the New York Journal of Commerce re-elected treasurer.

The directors are:

Elbert H. Baker, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hilton U. Brown, Indianapolis News.

D. D. Moore, New Orleans Times-Picayune.
T. R. Williams, Pittsburg Press.
Charles H. Taylor, Jr., Boston Globe.
Harry Chandler, Los Angeles Times.
J. F. MacKay, Toronto Globe.
Hopewell L. Rogers, Chicago News.

Lincoln B. Palmer was re-elected manager of the association, with offices in the World building, New York City.

There are various important committees. There is the Advertising Bureau committee, consisting of:

Fleming Newbold, Washington Star, chairman.
Lafayette Young, Jr., Des Moines Capital, vice chairman.
David B. Plum, Troy Record, chairman finance committee.
W. F. Rogers, Boston Transcript.
Louis Wiley, New York Times.
John F. MacKay, Toronto Globe.
Maj. G. E. Buxton, Providence Journal.
W. H. Field, Chicago Tribune.
J. B. Woodward, Chicago Daily News.
Harry Chandler, Los Angeles Times.

E. P. Call, treasurer of the A. N. P. A., is also treasurer of the Bureau of Advertising.

William A. Thomson was re-elected director and Thomas H. Moore associate director of the bureau.

There is a labor committee known as the Special Standing Committee, whose membership is:

H. N. Kellogg, chairman, Indianapolis, Ind.
Charles H. Taylor, Jr., the Boston Globe.
W. S. Jones, the Minneapolis Journal.

Mr. Palmer, manager of the association, with offices at New York City; Mr. Thomson and Mr. Moore of the Bureau of Advertising in New York; Mr. Kellogg, chairman of the labor committee, Indianapolis, Ind., and A. G. McIntyre, the special representa-

tive of the Committee on Paper, are the salaried officers of the organization.

Other important committees are the Paper Committee, of which Frank P. Glass, the newly elected president, is chairman. Mr. Glass has unselfishly and without pay done an enormous amount of work for his fellow publishers and the publishers generally in efforts before congress, before paper making concerns and organizations, with his committee, to bring about reasonable prices for paper and just legislation affecting newspapers from the white paper and circulation standpoint. Mr. Glass has been unsparing of his time, talent and attention, especially in connection with newsprint and postal matters and has appeared many times before the Federal Trade Commission. Other members of the Committee on Paper are:

Louis Wiley, New York Times.
V. S. McClatchy, Sacramento Bee.
J. D. Plummer, Springfield (Mass.) Union.
E. H. Baker, Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Robert Ewing, New Orleans Daily States.
E. M. Scholz, New York Evening Post.
E Q Knott, Louisville Evening Post.
A. F. Seested, Kansas City Star.

There is also a special Legislative Committee, of which Elbert H. Baker of the Cleveland Plain Dealer is chairman.

The Postal Committee is headed by George McAneny of the New York Times as chairman. Maj E. B. Stahlman of the Nashville Banner and Frank P. MacLennan of the Topeka State Journal are members of this committee, which is summoned to meet in Washington during the week beginning June 16. President Frank P. Glass is an ex-officio member of the committee.

The New York meeting was the thirty-second annual convention of the association and there were registered in attendance 356 members.

Among the prominent members of this great organization are: Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy and publisher of the Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer; Governor J. M Cox, publisher of the Dayton, Ohio, News; Gov. Arthur Capper, Topeka Capital; Victor F. Lawson, Chicago News; Don Seitz, New York World; A. F. Seested, Kansas City Star; Jason Rogers, New York Globe; Adolph Ochs, New York Times; H. U. Brown, Indianapolis News; Charles H. Taylor, Jr., Boston Globe; William H. Field, Chicago Tribune; Harry Chandler, Los Angeles Times; Frank B. Noyes, Washington Star; The Lafayette Youngs, Des Moines Capital; Bradford Merrill, New York American; William Hester, Brooklyn Eagle; Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia Ledger; W L. McLean, Philadelphia Bulletin; Gen. Felix Agnus, Baltimore American; Norman E. Mack, Buffalo Times; D. E. Town, Chicago Evening Post and Schaffer group; Edmund Booth, Grand Rapids Press; Senator Wm. Alden Smith, Grand Rapids Herald; Thomas Rees, Springfield, Ill., Register; Henry M. Pindell, Peoria Journal-Transcript; H. V. Jones, Minneapolis Journal; E. P. Adler, Davenport Times; O. J. Hardy, Oshkosh Northwestern; A. C. Weiss, Duluth Herald; Gardner Cowles, Des Moines Register-Leader; Charles K. Blandin, St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press; Clark Howell, Atlanta Constitution; Louis T. Golding, St. Joseph News-Press; Hal Gaylord, Kansas City Journal; Victor Rosewater, Omahe Bee; R. A. Crothers, San Francisco Bulletin; M. H. de Young, San Francisco Chronicle; W. H. Cowles, Spokane Spokesman-Review; Joseph Ble-

then, Seattle Times; F. W. Kellogg, San Francisco Call; S. G. McClure, Youngstown Telegram; J. M. Thomson, New Orleans Item; Amon G. Carter, Fort Worth Telegram; G. J. Palmer, Houston Post; M. E. Foster, Houston Chronicle; Maj. E. B. Stahlman, Nashville Banner; V. S. McClatchy, Sacramento Bee; Charles Hopkins Clark, Hartford Courant; Charles A. Rook, Pittsburg Dispatch; Geo. S. Oliver, Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph and Gazette-Times; Horace G. Whitney, Salt Lake Deseret News; A. N. McKay, Salt Lake Tribune; S. A. Perkins, Tacoma Ledger; Scott Bone, Seattle Post-Intelligencer; W. F. Wyly, Cincinnati Enquirer; John C. Kelly, Sioux City Tribune; J. C. Seacrest, Lincoln State Journal; E. K. Gaylord, Oklahoma City Times; Charles Morden, Portland Oregonian; E. Lansing Ray, St. Louis Globe Democrat; Florence White, St. Louis Post Dispatch.

L. B. Palmer, manager of the association at New York City, is a very busy man and has a staff of nineteen assistants. They issue several bulletins a week. These bulletins give most valuable information to the members and cover labor, advertising, circulation and general newspaper departments.

It is the dinner of this organization to which reference was made in a previous chapter, where there were about 600 present, exclusive of 300 ladies in the balcony boxes, the plates costing $10 each; the speakers were Secretary of War Baker, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, former Justice Charles E. Hughes and M. Luzanne, editor of the Paris Matin.

The association, thru its Labor Bureau, H. N. Kellogg, chairman, settles many important labor problems and

disputes. During the year, there were four arbitration meetings at which twenty-three cases were considered. Nearly every important controversy between the Typographical union, the Stereotypers' union and the Pressmen's union is adjusted by arbitration if conciliation or other peaceful means have failed.

Manager Palmer recently made this concise and comprehensive statement covering the purpose, scope and activities of the A. N. P. A.:

"It was the purpose of the founders of the American Newspaper Publishers association to create an organization that would not only act as a clearing house of information for the benefit of the publisher, but to make possible a concert of action among newspapers in matters relating to the welfare of the publishing business.

"No danger threatens the publishing business that is not immediately analyzed and forcefully opposed by one of the many American Newspaper Publishers association committees, members of which are always ready to unselfishly devote their time and energy to the common good.

"The annual conventions of the Association, held each year in New York city, have proven of inestimable value to the individual publisher thru the interchange of information and ideas. As a training school for the publisher they are of such distinct value that they are attended by publishers in increasing numbers from year to year.

"Action taken at these meetings has served to solidify the newspaper business, to bring about more or less uniformity in the profession, and to create a code of ethics. Practically every worthwhile movement in the publishing business has either been first advanced at these conventions or by endorsement given impetus and subsequently brought to a successful conclusion."

The organization is really the only one in existence organized to consider the matter of disagreement between the newspaper publishers and those employed by them. Mr. Kellogg's report showed that during the year the Typographical union had spent $4,684 for strikes; the pressmen, $2,644; the stereotypers spent nothing for strikes;

the photo engravers spent $45,277 for strikes.

The committee furnishes members approved forms for agreements and contracts.

On one afternoon during the three days' session of the association, according to the annual custom, a recess was taken and the executives of the leading unions whose members are employed in the newspaper offices made addresses. On this occasion the speakers were:

President Marsden G. Scott of the International Typographical union; President James J. Friel of the Stereotypers' International union, and President Matthew Bowles of the Photo Engravers' International union.

Each spoke of the harmony and pleasant relations that existed between their members and the publishers. Had President Geo. L. Berry of the International Pressmen's union been present he undoubtedly would have made a similar talk.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Congestion of Travel and Traffic.

In these parlous times one who travels, or one who is shipping or receiving luggage or packages of freight, has an object lesson in the congestion of travel and traffic

On his last trip to New York the writer was gone from home eight nights and seven days. Of the eight nights he spent one in the hotel at New York, two at the Union League Club in Philadelphia and five on Pullmans. Of the latter five, he was obliged to take upper berths three times and once begged for an upper berth after paying $6 excess fare on a train between New York and Chicago, which it was necessary for him to take to make his scheduled connections.

This latter train is known as the "Manhattan Limited" of the Pennsylvania Lines. It leaves New York City at 5 p. m., reaching Chicago at 2 o'clock the next afternoon, giving the Topeka man six hours in Chicago before taking a night train out, arriving at Topeka the following morning.

Altho he had wired from Philadelphia two days in advance for a reservation on this train, he was told when he tried to obtain a ticket that there was no reservation, all of the berths had been sold; nothing but Pullman cars were carried on that particular train.

A lively colloquy ensued between the Topeka man and the New York railway representative. He at first declined to sell a ticket even at the $6 excess. The traveler was insistent and said he must take that train. The ticket agent telephoned someone ap-

parently higher in authority, asking what should be done. He was told to sell me a ticket, if I were willing to take my chance on getting a berth on the train I was.

When I approached the Pullman conductor of that train and told him my predicament, he looked over his charts and said: "There is an upper not called for." I got it and made the schedule, altho the train did not arrive in Chicago on time. It was an hour late and each passenger received $1 rebate.

In riding east thru Pennsylvania one night, there suddenly developed the necessity of doing some writing. The berths were all made up; there was no place to put the portable table, so the porter gave it to me in the made-up berth. This incident, however, is scheduled to appear in Chapter XXXV to be printed next Thursday.

In going from Washington to Philadelphia I got the scribenda scabiei or something akin to that sort of thing, again and wanted to do some more writing. Every seat in the Pullmans was sold and every seat in the parlor car was sold. I stood on the platform near the steps of the parlor car, getting a little better acquainted with the conductor He refused probably a half dozen others besides myself; but I was a little more persistent than the others, who had passed on up to the coaches.

After breaking the ice with the Pullman conductor, I told him I would very much like to have a seat in his car, would like to do a little writing. He said: "My friend, I tell you what I'll do. You go into the smoking apartment of this car; do the best you can, and I will get a seat and table for you after we leave Baltimore, as

a large number of these passengers get off there. You will still have two hours into Philadelphia."

This was done.

When I got into the smoking apartment it was crowded, but there was room for one more and the occupants moved over and gave me a seat.

Pretty soon a soldier came in. He had lines on his face and two on his shoulder. From the former I thought he was a veteran, and from the latter I noted he was a captain. I immediately got up and offered him my place, but he declined it. I thought he must be five or six years older than I, so I said to him: "We will let the older man take the seat."

"Well," said he, "I am 57."

He was several years younger than I and I had to keep my place, according to the agreement; but a young man who had a seat declared he would not see a soldier standing; so we both were seated.

When Baltimore was reached there was a general exodus and I almost had a special car from there on.

The above refers to the congestion of travel. Here is something about the congestion of traffic from personal experience:

Taking the train at Topeka, thinking my overcoat was in the automobile with the suitcase and umbrella, I discovered that the coat was missing; it had been left at the house. I asked a member of the family to be sure to send that overcoat on the next train that evening, by express to the Union League Club at Philadelphia. I did not need the coat, which was a light one, so much for warmth as a garment to cover evening clothes in going from my lodging place to the dinners, of which there were several.

Arriving in Philadelphia, I had an

idea that the overcoat might have taken a shorter cut by way of St. Louis, and as I went by way of Chicago and stopped three hours in Washington, thought possibly the overcoat might arrive in Philadelphia before or as soon as I did.

The coat had not arrived. It didn't arrive the next day; it did not reach me the next day, nor the next.

The clerk behind the desk smiled and said: "That overcoat will get here in about two weeks; I know from experience."

The clerk was a prophet all right, and ought to be honored in his own country, which is Philadelphia. I left word requesting that the coat be sent to me at Topeka, as I was scheduled to stay only two days in New York.

That overcoat was traced and retraced and finally reached Topeka Wednesday of last week. I returned home May 21, the overcoat got here June 12, and having been shipped May 13, covered just a month on its journey, or two weeks each way.

I take it that the overcoat, in view of the high temperatures during the last thirty days, was classified as one of the non-essentials.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Day at Wichita.

Between the two New York trips, made more or less memorable by these chapters, there was an interim of six days. On two of these days the annual convention of the Kansas Editorial association was scheduled for Wichita, and for some reason the officers wanted me to be there. I missed the first day, but took a night train, spending Saturday there, returning to Topeka that night.

It was an eventful day. The morning's program was well filled by the women, and so far as I was concerned, as it happened, the afternoon program was carried out by them.

The whole day was a day of bright women. The mere men had had their day on Friday. I don't know what I missed, but I had a lot of information and entertainment on that to me "Women's Day" of the Kansas Editorial association. There were bright papers by Mrs. Jarrell of Topeka and Mrs. Tom Thompson of the Howard Courant and others.

Emma B. Aldrich of the Public Record, Cawker City, dealt in an interesting way in her paper on the subject, "Camouflage." "The Kansas women," said she, "have set the standards high. It has been the Record's pride to preserve history without camouflage. One copy of our paper thirty-five years ago is in the historical society."

One man made himself useful. That was Homer Hoch of the Marion Record. Mrs. Hoch was unable to be present owing to measles in the family, so her spouse read her interesting paper in an intimate, humorous style;

that is, the text was, rather than the delivery of it. Her subject was "Helpful Adjectives I Have Met."

Mrs. Tom Thompson of the Howard Courant discussed "The Country Newspaper Woman." She helps her husband make the paper good and keep it good. "A woman," said she, "can add cheer, brightness, humor and balm to the newspaper as well as to the soul of man."

Mrs. W. E. Payton of the Colony Free Press told about conducting her newspaper in the absence of the head of the family off to war.

Mrs. Dora Adriance of the Seneca Courier-Democrat, and whose husband, George C. Adriance, until recently was at Camp Funston and a frequent contributor to the State Journal's Trench and Camp, said: "I count it next best to be behind the man who is at the front, in my capacity of managing editor of his paper."

Miss Mattie Ryan is running the Wathena Times in the absence of her brothers in the service. "I took the newspaper as a war duty," said she.

Mrs. Myra Williams Jarrell of Topeka said she chose her subject, "Sparks From the Anvil," because she liked the sound of it, saying: "It is the editor as a blacksmith who takes public opinion and molds it and hammers it into shape as an effective element in winning the war."

Mrs. W. Y. Morgan of Hutchinson was at the meeting, of course. She has a combination of beauty and brilliancy and is one of the big factors in her husband's campaign for the governorship. One man said: "Mrs. Morgan, I would rather hear you make a speech than any woman I have ever heard." Why that man did not use the word "one" instead of "woman," I will leave him to make apology. This same man also said to her:

"You know a terminal when you come to it."

Wichita is as "badly off" for hotels as Topeka, but the future promises a change for both cities. In Topeka there is now building the new North American, fireproof hotel of ten stories at the corner of Ninth and Kansas avenue. This will give Topeka, next year, all that she can hope for in the way of a first-class hostelry, modern and complete in every detail.

Wichita is building a wonderfully fine hotel of eleven stories, to be called the "Hotel Lassen." It will be, it is believed, and from all indications all that "great expectations" are claiming for it. The exterior is up, the roof is going on at the top of the eleventh story; I counted the stories. Wichita will have one, that is, one story "on" Topeka. But Wichita has an oil boom, while Topeka merely hopes for one, but has other things of great importance "on" Wichita.

After a luncheon at the Wichita club, which is an attractive institution, William Allen White and I sauntered back to the convention hall or Forum, which, by the way, is a fine, big building, fireproof, larger than our auditorium and built of cement, concrete and iron. The editorial meetings were held in one of the smaller assembly rooms.

There were men on the program, and there had been women in the morning. White made a talk, a very good one and interesting. After that the proceedings dragged.

White said to me: "I understand there is a reception for the ladies up at Henry J. Allen's new home. Mrs Allen, assisted by Mrs. Marcellus Murdock, is giving it. Let's take a chance and go up there."

It was rather solemn inside of the editorial meeting and it was raining outside.

White and the writer took a taxi for Roosevelt street and College Hill, where Allen has built his new $50,000 mansion and which Mrs. Allen had just opened ten days before with Henry in France.

Well, that reception was a delight; at least for an hour or so! White and myself were the only males present; the rest were a galaxy of Kansas and Wichita's best of the fair sex.

The Emporia man and the Topeka man were certainly favored; they were having one of the times of their lives.

The house was beautiful and interesting. We were shown over it; in fact, White was staying there with Mrs. White. They had the guest room, which is a classic in comfort.

The living room is forty-four feet long. I said to Henry last summer when the house was not quite finished, "If you ever get tired of this for a home, this room would make a magnificent bowling alley."

There is a sunken garden and a brick wall around the lot so the general populace cannot easily look over the yard. There is a pool for lilies; if it were a little deeper it would make a fine swimming hole In the rear and on the edge of the pool is a lookout or block house, a fine place for a cool evening or for a view or a machine gun in case of attack from below the hill.

Of course, we met a lot of interesting ladies, and there were no other men around to bother or take any of the shine off from us. There were delectable refreshments, well served. White got his share all right.

I had been talking to Miss Brooks

She introduced me to her mother, who is now president of the Kansas Equal Suffrage association, elected last week. After fifteen or twenty minutes the daughter came up and said: "I know what mother is talking to you about: it's suffrage."

"No it is not," said I, thinking that some defense appeared necessary, although it was not. "We were talking about Topeka." Mrs. Brooks had attended the Kansas Day Women's club meeting in Topeka on January 29, when Mayor House, Justice Johnston and I were the only mere men present. It might be said here confidentially, that just a few minutes before Mrs. Brooks had been discoursing on suffrage, but her daughter had not appeared at the psychological moment.

There was wonderful music by young Mrs. Hyde, whose father-in-law made Mentholatum famous and remunerative. Her fine voice was accompanied by the harp under the deft fingers of Mrs. Wallingford, formerly of Pratt, Kan., but for the last two years of Wichita. She is certainly an artist on that instrument of many strings.

White drifted over to the harpist. I remained, doing the best I could in the midst of the other ladies. Shortly we all heard from the harp "The Sextette from Lucia." That was White's work; I knew it. The "Sextette" is his favorite. He hears it on every occasion possible. I have heard him striking the chords on the piano, trying to accompany the Victrola playing the "Sextette."

About this time something happened: in comes a string of about a dozen Kansas editors, city and country. They, too had tired of the proceedings at convention hall and got an inkling of the reception. There were

two noses out of joint; but White and the writer had had their afternoon, it had been a good time and a good entertainment. Miss Mae Hendryx, society editor of the Beacon, confirms this.

That night there was a huge patriotic meeting at the Wichita Forum. The big hall was filled with state newspaper men and women and Wichita people. General Wood was the principal speaker, and he made good, as he always does in places where he is permitted to serve.

A KANSAN IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Wyandots.

The reader may wonder why a chapter is scheduled to be devoted to "The Wyandot Indians" in connection with the peregrinations of "A Kansan in New York." Well, it is this way:

One morning a few weeks ago at the annual meeting of the Associated Press in New York, Don C. Seitz business manager of the New York World, motioned me to sit down beside him I have seen Mr. Seitz at least once a year for many years. He is an interesting man, well informed upon many subjects. He has been in the printing and newspaper business all his life.

Born in Maine, learning his trade on the papers up in that New England country, when a young man he drifted to the Brooklyn Eagle, for which he was first Albany correspondent and later city editor. This was about twenty-nine years ago. Seitz is now about 55 years old.

Since going to Brooklyn, so far as I know, he has been ever since continuously connected with New York daily newspapers, filling important executive positions in various departments. He was assistant publisher of one paper, managing editor and later advertising manager of another. For the last twenty years he has been business manager of the New York World, one of the world's greatest newspapers.

Mr. Seitz is a man of wonderful activities, varied interests and inclinations. He has written numerous books on widely differing subjects. I have from him an exquisite autographed copy of his work on Japan relating and recording his experiences while

traveling in that country. The book is a fine specimen of printing from Harper Brothers' press· the illustrations are dainty, exquisite and profuse. Every page is embellished with a sketch: no two sketches alike. He is an expert in knowledge of paintings; has written several books on the noted artist Whistler. He writes poetry, columns of it, biography and books of value to the youth entering, and men and women following, the newspaper calling.

His talks before the American Newspaper Publishers' association on topics assigned nim are unique, full of information and given with terse epigrammatic sentence. He delights to ridicule the hypocrite and the parasite, especially the species of the latter known in newspaper parlance as "the free publicity promoter."

One can never be next to Seitz without learning something, as well as being entertained, so when he asked me to sit beside him I did so and awaited his opening, which was:

"I have written a book on 'The Wyandot Indians' of your state of Kansas and am now arranging for its publication."

"That is interesting," said I, amazed that the man knew anything at all about the Wyandot Indians and particularly enough to write a book about them.

This started the idea for this chapter, which was originally scheduled as Chapter XXIV to appear in the State Journal Saturday, May 25; here it is June 19 and the chapter is number XXXIV and is just now this morning in preparation.

Since that first conversation in New York with Mr. Seitz I have been trying to get "a line" on his book, but not a word more than he told me that

morning. He said his connections with the Wyandot Indians were in the neighborhood of Upper Sandusky, O., where the Wyandots lived about three-quarters of a century ago and where there is Wyandot lore, legend and history, Seitz having lived at one time in that part of Ohio.

As the last chapter of this work, "A Kansan in New York," is scheduled to appear day after tomorrow, and this is the last one that could be devoted to a topic of this nature. "The Wyandots" must be written up today, or not at all.

Mr. Seitz has apparently not as yet made arrangements satisfactory to himself with his publisher, which he thought would possibly be the well known New York book man, E. P. Dutton.

By all odds the best informed man in the United States on the Wyandot Indian, and the correct spelling of the word is with one "t" and no final "e," is W. E Connelley, the distinguished secretary of the Kansas State Historical society.

Connelley, tho a Kentuckian by birth, with no Indian blood in his veins, is an adopted member of the Wyandot tribe of Indians. For many years Connelley lived in Wyandotte county, one of the most important counties in this state, lying at the mouth of the Kaw, or Kansas, and between that river and the Missouri river; a county triangular in shape and the country of the Wyandot Indians after they left Ohio in 1843.

In the early days Connelley was county clerk of that county. He became interested in the Indians, befriending them. He saved them many thousands of dollars from unscrupulous men and corporations which sought to deprive them of their just

rights and proper remuneration for lands which were owned by them but desired by others. Government agents were not always careful to treat the Wyandot "on the square," and some railroad corporations endeavored under the guise of legal methods, but unjust and unfair ones. to get possession of Wyandot property without adequate compensation.

In one instance Connelley is reported to have saved his Indian friends $45,000, justly due them and which they got thru the efforts of their friend.

The feeling toward Connelley was naturally most appreciative. As a matter of gratitude, with much ceremony and some pomp. they adopted him into the tribe, assigned him to the Deer Clan and gave him the Indian name which means "The Deer Which Leads."

In talking with Connelley last evening I said: "You then were the 'Big Buck' of the Wyandots?"

"That's it," said he.

The writer knows comparatively little about the Wyandots, except what he has learned thru Mr. Connelley. Connelley has written pages and pages about the Wyandots, one interesting tale after another. He has been for years recording these stories. Some day there will be a great book on the Wyandot Indians, Connelley its author.

The Wyandot, in the Indian language is Wen-dut, the u being pronounced like double o. The Wyandot was highly civilized. He was one of the Huron confederacy of Indians, another confederacy being the Six Nations, the two confederacies belonging to the Iroquois. Originally the Senecas of the Six Nation confederacy and the Wyandots of the Hurons were

one. Their separation, which was brought about by thrilling and exciting episodes, Mr. Connelley will tell about some day in print.

When the Wyandot reservation was in northern Ohio on the Sandusky river in 1843 the government desired their land and offered them 148,000 acres in Kansas down on the Neosho near Iola. But the Wyandots, who had money, did not at that time, in 1843, desire to go so far away from civilization. So they bought thirty-six

William Walker, provisional governor of Nebraska territory, when Kansas and Nebraska were one. He was head chief of the Wyandot nation, well educated at an Ohio college.

sections of land in Kansas between the Missouri and the Kaw at the latter's mouth and extending westward along the north bank of the Kaw, or Kansas river.

Many of the best families in Wyandotte county trace their lineage thru the Wyandots. Frank Betton, a former labor commissioner of the state of Kansas, was one of these, and

Grain Inspector Betton today is also thus related.

The Wyandots were a religious people. Their legends, folk-lore and mythology are full of intense interest. Their folk stories and folk songs are not even equaled by the wonderful legends of the Irish. Connelley knows these things "like a book," into which he will put them some day.

In the Wyandot tribe was established, by the way, the first Methodist mission in the world.

In 1816 John Stewart, an intelligent, free negro living on the Ohio river about where Marietta is now located, said "A Voice" came to him and told him to keep travelling northwest until the voice ceased. He was intensely religious, a Methodist and day after day journeyed till he reached the reservation about fifty miles from Lake Erie. There the voice stopped. He did likewise, founding the first Methodist mission ever established in the world!

He remained many years in charge of it there, where the Wyandots, a century ago, had a democratic form of government. Originally they lived in Canada up near the Penatang Georgian Bay country where Morton Albaugh, Del Valentine, Cyrus Leland and Judge Pollock have gone many seasons of vacation to fish, for rest and recreation.

In wars among the tribes of Indians, the Hurons were scattered into the United States along the Great Lakes. The Wyandots settled in Ohio. The Wyandots still are great Methodists.

The Wyandot was not only cultured as intelligent Indians could be cultured, but he had a good system government. They had gotten away from hereditary chiefs probably a century ago, and elected their chiefs, or big

men, annually. They had their clan councils, and written code of laws.

The Wyandot Indian was a proud First American. When accosted by a stranger inquiring who he was, the Wyandot would throw out his chest, beat upon it with his flat fists, expel his breath suddenly and in a gutteral voice say in Indian tongue, the word "Er-gyeh-how," which meant to Indian ears, "I am a real man. I am a Wen-dut. a real man," probably giving his clan which might be any one of twelve—Big Turtle, Little Turtle, Mud Turtle, . Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Deer, Porcupine, Striped Turtle, Highland Turtle, Snake or Hawk.

William Walker, the first and only original provisional governor of Nebraska, when Kansas and Nebraska were in one territory, Nebraska, was a well educated Wyandot, about a quarter blood. No Kansas Wyandots had a greater strain of the Indian in their veins. Walker's governorship was not officially recognized by the government but resulted in forcing the Democratic party in power to repeal the famous "Missouri Compromise" and to organize Kansas and Nebraska into separate territories and really precipitated the Civil war.

Thus endeth the chapter on "The Wyandots." Don Seitz's book on "The Wyandot Indians," and later Connelley's, will be awaited by the writer and others with great interest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Why and How These Chapters Were Written.

Under the Table of Contents, this chapter was scheduled to be the next to the last and to detail what might seem to be of interest relating why these chapters happened to be written and how they were written.

In the first place, it may be noted that when the writer was in New York the last week in April, he had no thoughts of writing anything about the visit, which was for eight days, extending from Sunday, April 21, to Sunday, April 28; a second visit of two days, May 18 and 19.

On the last night of that first one to New York the writer was invited to attend, as a spectator, a wonderful dance given at the Fourteenth street armory where 900 young soldiers and sailors danced on an immense floor with as many selected, known young women from society, educational and business circles. Two army bands played. This entertainment was free to the soldiers and under the auspices of the New York War Camp Community Service, in charge of a former society woman, Mrs. James Madison Bass, assisted by 250 hostesses and 250 chaperons, each with ten young ladies personally known to the chaperon, available for the various dances.

Arriving home a few days later, the Rota club, a women's organization of Topeka, had begun preparations for a Sunday afternoon entertainment of the visiting army men from Camp Funston. Learning that he had attended this New York entertainment, the ladies of the club asked Mr. MacLennan if he would talk to the club on the

New York War Camp Community Service, how it was given and to make any suggestions that might seem to bear upon the subject with relations to what Topeka might do along similar lines.

Accordingly, Monday noon, such a talk was made before the club and that evening the stenographer's notes of the speech were printed in the State Journal.

There seemed to be a demand for similar articles covering the Topekan's visit to New York, so the following Saturday there appeared, under Chapter II, an article entitled "A Visit With T. R." Chapter III, printed the following Monday, May 13, was a continuation of Chapter II.

After starting these chapters there seemed no consistent way of discontinuing them without impairing an interest which readers of the paper had developed.

At the same time, if this sort of thing were continued, it was apparent a chapter must appear every day. Meanwhile, the writer, who had been named a delegate to the Philadelphia Win-the-War-for-Permanent-Peace convention, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of that week, was compelled to leave Topeka Monday evening, May 13, and there was no chapter written for the following day or the days thereafter.

The writer took his secretary, a stenographer, on the train with him en route east, engaging a drawing room on the car as far as Kansas City for that period. On the train between 5 o'clock and 8 o'clock, before the Santa Fe left Kansas City, Chapters IV, V, and VI were dictated. These were respectively, "A Table of Contents," to appear in the State Journal the next day, Tuesday, May 14; "Food

Without Wheat," for Wednesday, May 15; "Great Britain and Her Forces on Sea and Land," for Thursday, May 16.

These three chapters were dictated and never read or seen, until they appeared in print. It was remarkable that there were not errors in any one of the three. There was likewise no chance to correct any little slips of the tongue, any irregularities of grammar or tautology. But much of the matter written for daily newspapers must necessarily be written hurriedly, altho there is generally chance for a little revision.

These three chapters then prepared ahead for three days, gave a chance to plan to write another chapter on the train en route to New York and thereafter write one each day about two or three days in advance, so that the chapters could appear daily and consecutively, without missing a number.

The Table of Contents provided that Chapter VII, to appear Friday, May 17, should be "A Dinner With Dean," but Tuesday night wher the train was nearing Pittsburgh, an evening paper purchased by the passenger announced the death of James Gordon Bennett.

This was such an important event, not only in newspaper circles but to the public generally: the passing of a great editor of a great newspaper, that the writer decided instead of writing up "A Dinner With Dean" for Friday he would that Tuesday night make Chapter VII "A Visit at the New York Herald," change the proposed Chapter VII into VIII and set it ahead a day, writing it from Philadelphia on Wednesday night in time for the mails which would get it to Topeka in season to print in the editions the following Saturday.

The train was crowded and the

berths were made up: there was no stenographer and no chance to even place one of the Pullman portable tables in suitable position for writing. It was decided to ask the porter to give the passenger a table any way and put it in his berth, which was prepared for sleeping purposes. Turning on the little berth lights, the leg of the table was folded under and the top put under the berth light and on a suitcase; the two pillows were put under the other end of the table and Chapter VII was written by pencil in longhand about midnight. It was one of the longer chapters and made more than two columns in print. A short portion of it was the next day wired from Philadelphia and instructions given for the Topeka office to use a facsimile of the inscription on the fly leaf of the book a few days before presented to Mr. MacLennan by W. A. Rogers, the cartoonist of the New York Herald and Chairman of its council. The last lines of this chapter were written as the wheels of the Pennsylvania train were grinding and crunching around the famous Horse Shoe curve. The envelope stamped "Special Delivery," was given to the porter, who mailed it at Altoona, which, as the traveler knows, is the first station below "The Curve."

Chapter VIII, "A Dinner With Dean," under the new schedule for Saturday, May 18, was written Thursday night in longhand at a room in the Union League club in Philadelphia.

It not being necessary to get a chapter to Topeka for Sunday, as the State Journal has no issue on that day, nothing was written Friday, altho it was the intention to write something in order not to run so close to the schedule and to give the chance of a

delayed letter less opportunity to miss a continuity of the articles.

Friday in Philadelphia was an awfully busy day and night. This was the big day there and the night of the big dinner which was written up in a previous chapter.

Leaving Philadelphia at midnight and the train at an early hour Saturday morning in New York, the first thing to do was to get Monday's chapter off on the 11 o'clock fast mail, due in Topeka Monday morning.

Chapter IX was thus dictated directly to a typewriter in a New York hotel, mailed on time and covered what was the first of the two chapters on Harry Lauder.

That same Saturday evening after the big Red Cross parade and before seeing Fred Stone, the fascinating actor, formerly of North Topeka, in his great production, "Jack O'Lantern," Chapter X was dictated to a New York stenographer and mailed that night.

This provided for the chapters up to and including Chapter X, for Tuesday, May 21. The next morning after that date the writer returned to Topeka, writing Chapter XI about "Uncle Joe," for that day's issue of the paper, Wednesday, May 22.

Chapters XII, XIII and XIV on the Red Cross and the first article on "Win the War for Permanent Peace" were written respectively on the days they appeared in the State Journal, the latter printed Saturday, May 25.

On that evening the writer was scheduled for a talk on "The Associated Press and Other News Gathering Organizations" at the meeting of the Saturday Night Club of which he is a member and in which he is known as "The Gentleman from Oregon." Chapter XV for Monday, May

27, was the stenographer's report of that talk.

Chapters XVI, XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX, XXI, XXII and XXIII, appearing on consecutive days thereafter, were devoted to "Win the War for Permanent Peace," and "What Happened in Philadelphia."

The following day, Friday, June 7, appeared the first article on machinery under Chapter XXIV, and told of the Wood dry mat system, mats and machinery for which were purchased in New York, the system being installed in the State Journal office last week.

Chapter XXV was the last section VIII, of the Win the War for Permanent Peace.

The next day, Monday, June 10, appeared the second section on machinery under Chapter XXVI and told of the wonderful Ludlow typographs introduced in the State Journal for the first time on a Kansas daily newspaper, which finally practically does away with the use of individual type in a newspaper office, the linotype setting the news and part of the advertising in slug form, the typograph setting the larger or display type in slug or solid lines and doing away with the distribution of type, the slug being molded and cast again for new advertising.

Chapter XXVII appeared Tuesday, June 11, and was the chapter which told about the machinery for the new mailing system of the State Journal just installed, and describing the machinery for it purchased on the New York trip.

The next chapter, Wednesday, June 12, was "The Revision of Cook Books," written in the usual way, followed the next day by Chapter XXIX, covering the "Revised Table of Contents."

Then came Chapter XXX on the military camps near New York, written last Friday, and appearing in the paper of that date. Three other chapters were also written on that same day, Friday, for Saturday, Monday and Tuesday following. These chapters were: Chapter XXXI, "The American Newspaper Publishers Association"; Chapter XXXII, "The Congestion of Travel and Traffic"; and Chapter XXXIII, "A Day at Wichita."

Chapter XXXI described the American Newspaper Publishers Association

which holds its annual meeting in New York the last week in April.

Chapter XXXII, which appeared Monday, June 17, covered the congestion of travel and traffic noted these days by everyone who buys a railroad ticket or receives or ships freight or express.

Chapter XXXIII, printed Tuesday, covered a day at Wichita between the two recent trips to the metropolis. Yesterday came Chapter XXXIV on "The Wyandots." This is Chapter XXXV.

Tomorrow will appear Chapter XXXVI, entitled, "The Conclusion," and will be the end of "A Kansan in New York."

By the way, the writer again left Topeka for the east Wednesday evening of this week, to be in Washington Friday. He would preferably have stayed at home and only went as a matter of duty and after many telegrams. He was urged to appear as a member of the postal committee of the American Newspaper Publishers Association before the ways and means committee of the house of representatives tomorrow, Friday, morning, at ten o'clock.

This committee, of which George McAneny of the New York Times is chairman, is anxious to show congress that the new drastic postal law scheduled to take effect July 1 should be materially modified or postponed so far as its operation is concerned.

The law does a great injustice to daily newspapers; it proposes to increase the cost of postage 25 per cent with an additional price for postage on the advertising sections of the same newspaper. If this law goes into effect it will make a difference for the State Journal of about $10 a day. The increased cost of white paper announced yesterday, adds another $4.00 a day expense.

The effect on the revenues of newspapers everywhere, involving the increased expenditures of newspapers generally, is thus seen to be enormous. The newspapers do not object to paying their share of any necessary-to-win-the-war taxes, but they do object to discrimination; they want fair treatment, which they do not think they are getting in the new postal law.

The facts of the case are that notwithstanding charges to the contrary, it should not cost the government anything above what it receives from the publishers to transport the average daily newspaper at one cent per pound, the prevailing rate, for the reason that the great bulk of the circulation of such a paper is within a comparatively small radius, say fifty to one hundred miles, with a practically extreme limit of 250 to 300 miles. Within the territory of the daily newspaper's principal circulation, the express companies carry the newspapers for one-half cent per pound and must make a profit in so doing. If the express companies can make a profit at one-half cent per pound, the government surely should be satisfied with the present rate of one cent.

The deficit in transportation of second class mail, which includes newspapers, magazines and periodicals generally, is declared by the newspapers to be due to the long haul by the government of heavy magazines and periodicals.

For instance: the government now transports magazines printed in New York from New York City to San Francisco, three thousand miles, at the rate of one cent per pound, the same rate it charges the Topeka State Journal to transport its newspapers from Topeka to Osage City, Kansas, 35 miles.

It is the contention of the newspapers that under the new law they would be overcharged; that the present rate is adequate, but that the zone system should prevail and the higher rate be charged as the distance from the publication office increases. The periodical publishers are combating this idea, their principal contention being that this country needs national magazines, and if a higher rate were charged for carrying magazines across the continent than is charged for distributing the daily newspaper in a territory near its publication office, it would tend to do away with magazines as national publications of country-wide interest. This, of course, is not true. Yesterday, Stephen Farrelly of New York, manager of the American News Company, even went so far as to say that te principal trade publications would be driven out of business. This is absurd, far-fetched and not likely to happen.

The Gillette safety razor is sold in San Francisco at the same price it is sold in Boston and Springfield, Mass. It is a national article and yet it costs far and away more to transport that article from Boston to San Francisco than it costs to transport it to Springfield, Mass.

It is another contention of the newspapers that the government cannot afford to penalize them because the newspapers have made possible by the free publicity in their news columns the great successes of the three Liberty Loan drives, the many Red Cross drives, the campaigns for the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. C. A. Huts, the Y. W. C. A. war councils and many other war activities which could hardly have been exploited except for the liberal and generous support of the press generally.

The writer expects to arrive in Washington early Friday morning, leaving Friday evening and be home Sunday.

The last three Chapters XXXIV, XXXV and XXXVI were written on Wednesday before he took the train.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Conclusion.

We note that it is the custom of authors at the close of their volumes to publish complimentary notices from noted authors and well known people, who may or may not be fellow authors.

This custom is one notably followed by E. W. Howe of the Atchison Globe and more lately of E. W. Howe's Monthly. Mr. Howe prints a few lines at the rear of his books, for instance, telling how much Mark Twain thought of one of the Howe books, "The Story of a Country Town." He has another excerpt from a complimentary letter written by Edward Bok, the big man of the Ladies' Home Journal. He has another paragraph from Andrew Lang or Henry Drummond and from various other writers and critics, all of which are, of course, complimentary and refer to the book in the words of the author, tending to increase the circulation of that particular volume and of others that appear from the same pen; also informing the reader what a great work he has been perusing.

There is no particular reason why Mr. Howe should be singled out in referring to this custom, for it seems to be a prevailing one on the part of authors generally. Very often the author permits, possibly from modesty, the publisher or printer of the book to say these things, which the author himself might blush to directly quote.

Having thus offered a line of defense for himself, and other authors, it may not be without interest to the reader who has followed these chapters and read some, most or all of

them, to hear what some people have written or said about this work, "A Kansan in New York," now in its final chapter herewith and appending those last sad words at the bottom: "The End:" so here are a few excerpts:

Frank B. Noyes, editor of the Washington Star and president of the Associated Press, writes: "I have read with interest your address on the Associated Press as well as your other descriptions of your indiscretions in the east, which have been appearing from time to time in the State Journal."

Charles Hopkins Clark, editor of the Hartford Courant: "I note with interest your chapter in connection with the membership of the Saturday Night club. I cannot find that Connecticut is represented. How the club comes to be so unfortunately situated I cannot see. Kindly let me know if there is not some way to raise the standard of the organization."

Col. Theodore Roosevelt writes, under date of June 13th: "Those were capital accounts of your visit to New York. I wish I could have seen you for a longer time."

Charles L. Mitchell, secretary Crane & Co., the publishers: "I am anxious to see the Chapters, which I have enjoyed reading, in book form. I want to stick in my pocket the unique, handy volume to reread on the train."

M. Koenigsberg, Newspaper Feature Service, New York City, writes "The State Journal with your chapter on your extremely interesting personal narrative about the Friars' club has been cut out and posted on the bulletin board of the Friars' club here in New York and has given pleasure to a large number of my fellow club men."

C. B. Merriam, director Bureau of Organization, Red Cross, Washington, D. C: "I have just received your paper with the extremely interesting chapter giving an account of the Red Cross parade in New York. Mr. Greer, head of the department of development, has just read this article with great interest and thanks you for it."

George S. Oliver, president Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph: "I am

saving all of the clippings from the State Journal covering your chapters."

A. L. Kennedy, secretary to Dr. Lyman Abbott, The Outlook, New York City, says: "I have saved for Doctor Abbott the clippings from the State Journal covering the chapters on the Win the War for Peace convention."

Frances L. Garside, a well known writer of New York City, formerly of the Atchison Globe, writes of one of the chapters: "That story is a peach."

Hon. William H. Taft wrote: "I wish you would send me a complete set of your articles in the Topeka State Journal in respect to the convention. I would like to make a file of them."

W. R. Boyd, National Campaign Manager, League to Enforce Peace: "I should like to have a complete set of your articles about your trip in the east. I find a real human interest story therein."

Ralph Tennal, Sabetha Herald: "In following your interesting series of letters or chapters, I noted last night your steel cases are no longer in use. What about selling them to me instead of sending them to cold storage? The series of letters must be a real feature in the State Journal. I find myself watching for them every day."

H. V. Jones, editor of the Minneapolis Journal: "You are writing good stuff."

Frederick P. Hall, Jamestown, New York, Journal: "I have just read the chapter about the Associated Press as covered in your address delivered at the meeting of your Saturday Night club. I read all parts of it with interest, including the introduction and pastoral by Walt Mason. You combine newspaper making, banking and farming to good advantage. I am sure you need the first two to make the latter go to your complete satisfaction, judging from my friends in the east."

George H. Lorimer, editor Saturday Evening Post: "I am very sorry I missed you when you were in Philadelphia. I wasn't playing golf. I have a 500-acre farm just outside the city limits and slip away from the office whenever I can around four o'clock to watch the alfalfa grow. Mine is a

real, honest to goodness western farm. Alfalfa, corn, oats, wheat, timothy, clover, with a few spuds for the family. I have about forty young sows on the place and am preparing to help Hoover. I have set aside clippings covering your chapters, which I look forward to reading."

John R. Rathom, Providence, R. I., Journal and Evening Bulletin: "I have read with great interest and satisfaction your story of the Associated Press as covered in one of your chapters. I am quite sure your readers must be delighted with your series of New York articles."

Lafayette Young, president Des Moines Capital: "I have read your chapter on the Associated Press with the greatest of interest."

Roy F. Bailey, secretary and manager the Salina Journal, writes: "I have just finished reading your story of the Associated Press and it has proven so interesting, and given me so much history that I did not know that I want to thank you for it. Information of this nature is always to be had by digging it out, but most of us these days are too busy to do that, so the man who knows from experience is unusually interesting. For the reason that I happened to be born and raised in Emporia, where I learned as soon as I was big enough to carry papers that the town claimed you, and heard of you thru John Eskridge and the other 'I knew him when' boys, I have been interested in you and the State Journal. So much newspaper work is done with no indication from the reader as to whether it is liked or not, that I am breaking over this time and letting you know about it."

Charles Hopkins Clark of the Hartford Courant writes a second letter in which he says: "Some days I miss your paper in our daily pile. We take it regularly. I will risk it on another 'chapter' but send me, if you will your Associated Press and other New York experiences."

Roscoe Peacock, circulation manager, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, writes: "Your chapter on "The Revision of Cook Books" is very interesting. I am referring it to the editorial department of the Ladies' Home Journal."

Of course, there has been a very large number of personal statements from readers who appeared to be pleased. Now that the tale is told we trust they will continue to read their favorite personal and family paper, even if the Kansan has finally returned from New York, altho it took these XXXVI chapters to describe part of what happened on the trip.

Three
Hungry
Elephants
Eat
Nine
Dogs

45
51
53
54